Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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IS POLITICS ADJOURNED?

WILL NOT THE PRESIDENT MAKE IT SO?

BY THE EDITOR

"POLITICS," said the President to the Congress in a tone of conviction, "is adjourned." We wish it were; but is it?

"The elections," continued the President, "will go to those who think least of it; to those who go to their constituencies without explanations or excuses, with a plain record of duty faithfully and disinterestedly performed." We hope so; but do the Representatives looking for return to Washington act as if they thought so? Why are they so loath, almost to the point of rebellion, to remain at their posts while a revenue bill is being drawn and considered? Why are they planning a recess for all except the perturbed members of the Ways and Means Committee? Why are so many absent from time to time even now? Can it be that they are less "confident" than the President declares himself to be, "that the people will give a just verdict upon the service of the men who act for them, when the facts are such that no man can disguise or conceal them"? May it not be that they scent danger in the "intense and pitiless light" that beats upon them and that they feel a pressing need of making "explanation," if not indeed "excuses" to their constituents?

That politics *should* be adjourned in this hour of the Nation's peril we grant. While we do not claim to have originated the suggestion, we advanced it and have pleaded publicly and privately for its adoption and, as the readers of this REVIEW have been made aware possibly to the verge of

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boredom, have reiterated persistently the plain reasons why at this time as never before considerations of patriotism and unity should transcend all others, even to the exclusion of all others, in the public mind. And we know from countless expressions of approval from all sections that the country coincides. The Boston *Transcript* speaks no less truly than appealingly and eloquently when it says of the President's declaration:

> Here we see and hear and are heartened by "the President at his best"—speaking straightforwardly the thought and feeling of the people to whom the war is coming closer home with every passing day. They have no time for politics, and professional politicians put them out of temper. With the people the winning of the war is the first thing that counts and the only thing that counts. No burden is too heavy for them to bear, no sacrifice too hard for them to make, no sorrow, no suffering, beyond their endurance, provided only that the burden and the sacrifice, the sorrow and the suffering will help to win the war, and soon the world will know that the least among these offerings for the great cause is that which has come and will continue to come out of the pockets of the rich and the poor, the naturalized and the native born. The loss of treasure in the final accounting will appear small in comparison with that other loss for which neither time nor treasure can compensate, but only the glory of a great grief greatly borne.

And the spirit of party now bars in no small measure the realization of this noble aspiration,—that same "envenomed, relentless and unpatriotic spirit of party," which, as Gideon Welles wrote upon like occasion in 1862, "paralyzes and weakens the hand of the Government and the country." Why is this so? Where lies the blame?

I. THE REPUBLICAN ATTITUDE

If the Republicans were to be judged by the utterance of their venerable leader in the Senate, Mr. Gallinger, theirs would be a sorry showing. Speaking, for example, of the proposal to eliminate partisanship, so far as possible, from the forthcoming Congressional election, he remarked in his most finely satirical vein:

> There are other arrangements which we would be pleased to make. If the Democrats will present no candidate for the Senate in Illinois, we will refrain from a contest in Mississippi; if they will keep out of the contest in New Hampshire, we will abstain from conflict in Texas; if they will observe a political truce in New Jersey, we

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will observe one in Georgia. We are wholly willing and even desirous of showing our patriotism and the absence of partisanship from our minds in exactly the same measure and in the same manner as that which the Democrats have displayed. I hope we may soon be able to take up the *pour parlers* to this end. By all means "Let us Have Peace."

Flippancy of this kind may be excused, perhaps, as becoming sufficiently well a Bourbon who long ago reached the age of indiscretion, but light remarks of similar nature so frequently tossed off by Senator Penrose, who is at the height of his mental powers, are less easily pardoned. It is but fair, however, to record that the irritating attitude of these two incorrigibles differs radically from that of any other of their Republican colleagues. As might have been expected of a true statesman, however strongly partisan in ordinary times, Senator Lodge, the real leader of the Senate, ran true from the beginning,—so clearly true, indeed, that both of the bodies comprising the General Court of Massachusetts, Democrats and Republicans alike, gave to him a vote of confidence with substantial unanimity.

"It was not only what you said, but the way you said it," he gratefully acknowledged to the House later. "There were no party lines in it. This is no time for party lines. Since the beginning of the war I have cast no party vote and do not intend to do so while the war continues." Subsequently, speaking as a member of the Naval Affairs Committee, he paid a handsome and well-deserved tribute to Secretary Daniels, whose meddlesome flounderings previous to the war had not won the full approbation of himself or of some others who need not now be mentioned.

Senator Weeks spoke in like strain and was so well received that we hear in a roundabout way that Governor McCall is not likely to interpose his candidacy in the Republican primaries. True, both Senators pledged their best efforts to root out "mismanagement and inefficiency wherever found," but it would ill become us to object to that.

It is worthy of remark, too, that the minority leader of the House shines by comparison with Senator Gallinger. Administration organs made so much of fragmentary reports of his speech to the Republican Club in New York that we read it in completed form and feel bound to testify to the rightfulness of its spirit and its fairness in all respects. After saying at the outset that he had tried, and he believed

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successfully, not even to think along partisan lines, he declared that never before in his twenty-five years of service had partisanship been so obliterated and legislation run so smoothly. Of the committee charged with appropriating nine billions of dollars, he said:

> The majority of this sub-committee was of course Democratic, because the Democrats are in the majority in this Congress and the party in power always controls and has a majority upon every one of the committees. The two Republicans on this sub-committee were Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, and myself, and I suppose it has sometimes been thought of both of us that we were not entirely devoid of partisanship, but I am happy to say that in all the deliberations of that committee and in all the contests which occurred there—and there were often points of difference which were strenuously contested—there was never the slightest suggestion of partisan division.
>
> I think both the majority and the minority were constantly actuated by the same desire to give the Administration every dollar of money which we thought it could wisely use, and I do not believe anybody who had listened to the discussions or recorded the votes in that committee could have guessed who were the Democrats and who were the Republicans. I am happy to say the Democratic majority treated us in the minority with just as much consideration and respect as if we were of their party, and all the deliberations were carried on, as far as partisanship went, with the most perfect harmony.

Surely no handsomer tribute than that could be asked by anybody. True, Mr. Gillett deprecated, as well he might, the Administration's backward movement on civil service reform and disapproved of sending unofficial or unknown representatives abroad while our Allies were sending to us their most competent and best known, but even we, in the process of friendly and somewhat persistently constructive criticism, have gone as far as that. In point of fact, all that we could find in Mr. Gillett's speech that might offend the most sensitive spirit was the following:

> Inasmuch as Republicans have been quite as loyal and earnest and hearty in their support of the Administration on all war measures and have not hesitated to grant unheard of powers, both in money and in possession of property and in control over the acts and business of the citizens, it seemed to me that in return there should have been given to Congress the fullest information as to how these great powers were exercised, and that all departments of the Administration would be overscrupulous in putting before a friendly Congress the full facts of their administration, but I regret to say that spirit has not always been visible. I fear that there has been a studied effort to disclose to Congress and the public only the favorable side and conceal discour-

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aging facts. We have not been allowed to know how far below expectation our assistance to the Allies has been, and now as the facts are leaking out there is deep disappointment and suspicion.

Which is true as gospel. Mr. Gillett concluded gallantly:

However, my friends, although the partisanship exhibited by the Administration is not agreeable to us, yet it is not going to diminish our support. It may take from it something of cordiality and heartiness, but it will not take from it anything of force or efficiency. The Republican Party in Congress in the future, as in the past, intends to prove that its one purpose, in which it is engaged heart and soul, is to give to the Administration everything possible to make it more forceful and more successful; not to criticize, not to complain, but ignoring all sectional or partisan feelings to vie with the men from the South and West and the North who differ from us in political faith in supporting the Executive until this terrible scourge of war is over.

These are good words; and they not only ring true, but are borne out by the record of Republican voting. Upon all of the war propositions combined the Republican vote in the Senate has been 76 per cent plus against 75 per cent minus Democratic, while in the House 169 Republicans voted for and 42 against the President's selective-draft measure, as contrasted with 144 Democratic ayes and 67 Democratic noes, and later 164 Republicans voted for and only 14 against the essential modification urged by the President, as contrasted with 79 Democratic ayes and 118 Democratic noes.

Clearly no fair mind can fail to give to the Republicans of Congress a clean bill of patriotism in upholding the President to the full and in putting aside all partisan considerations.

And best of all is the bugle call from Elihu Root, Republican of Republicans but also patriots, delivered amid tumultuous cheers to the National Security League and reported in this wise by the newspapers:

We are going to elect a Congress this coming fall. There is one great single predominant qualification for an election to that Congress, and that is a loyal heart. (Applause.)

I don't care whether a man is a Democrat or a Republican or a Progressive or a Socialist or a Prohibitionist, or what not, he must have a loyal heart, or it is treason to send him to Congress. (Applause.) There are probably from twenty to thirty Congressional districts in this country where there is a loyal majority but where there is so large a disloyal minority that a division of the loyal majority may let a pro-German in. In every one of those districts, Democrats and Republicans and all loyal men should get together and agree upon the loyal man of one party or the other who is the surest

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to carry the district, and all unite on him without regard to party. (Applause.)

Any man who would not accept the idea and follow it I would want to live a hundred years to vote and work against. (Applause.) Human nature has not changed. There are going to be parties, going to be politics hereafter; but now they are subordinate, they are unimportant. The one thing only is to win the war and put men in Congress who will represent the driving power of the American people; the driving power that is behind Congress, that is behind the Administration, and that, God grant, may make itself felt behind the men who are puttering over contracts and lingering on the road to victory. (Applause.)

The great thing is to make Germany feel that the hundred millions of America are going, as one man, to beat them (applause), to make every American feel that all the rest of the hundred millions are with him in his mightiest efforts to beat the German. (Applause.)

A noble and inspiring utterance, worthy of Patrick Henry, from the foremost living statesman in the world.

II. THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION

"In this critical situation," said Secretary McAdoo in New Orleans, "we cannot think of or play cheap partisan politics, which is practiced too much, I am sorry to say, in America, and which even a great war does not wholly silence. That is the kind of politics we cannot for one moment permit to raise its head in this perilous time. I have infinite contempt for those who would take advantage of the situation in which our country finds itself to-day to advance any personal interest or ambition—public or private."

The effect of this admirable declaration, we regret to say, was marred somewhat by his subsequent statement in Texas that "as for 1920, in my judgment, there is only one man in America,"—meaning, of course, Mr. Wilson,—"who deserves the gift of that exalted office [the Presidency] from the American people"; but this may be readily overlooked as merely a filial, though ill-timed, tribute voiced in a moment of enthusiasm.

Speaker Clark's frankly partisan speech in Indiana, in which he appealed to "the grand inquest of the Nation" for approval of the Democratic record, "a magnificent, a wonderful record which anybody save a stark idiot can easily and successfully defend," may be regarded as an offset to Senator Gallinger's sneer, even though the *World* did administer a sharp rebuke to him for going so far at this particular time.

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It is really the President himself who has the most difficult task in making his words square with his deeds respecting the injection of partisan strife into the forthcoming elections. It was not surprising that Senator Lewis, in the recent Senatorial campaign in Wisconsin, should have urged the election of Mr. Davies upon the ground that the return of a Democrat and a "personal friend of the President" was requisite to "the saving of the Nation"; that was to have been expected. Neither were the rankly partisan tirades of the Vice-President so unusual as to evoke particular emotion; after all, he is from Indiana. But when the President himself took typewriter in hand and drew a sharp line between Democratic patriotism and Republican disloyalty as embodied in the respective candidates, he certainly dazed though, judging from the result, hardly hypnotized those independent voters who still hold consistency and straightforwardness to be cardinal virtues. To Mr. Davies he wrote:

> May I also add a word of thanks to you for your steadfast loyalty and patriotism during that trying period before we were thrust into the war, while to avoid becoming involved therein every effort was being made aggressively to assert and fearlessly to maintain American rights?

Frankly confessing, in the absence of plans and specifications, our utter inability to resolve into logical relationship the purpose and method thus set forth, we regard it as certain that the President meant to convey to the people the impression that the election of Mr. Davies would meet with his approbation.

On the other hand, aiming straight at Mr. Lenroot, he added:

> The McLemore resolution, the embargo issue, and the armed neutrality measure presented the first opportunities to apply the acid test in our country to disclose true loyalty and genuine Americanism. It should always be a source of much satisfaction to you that on these crucial propositions you proved true.

Obviously, since Mr. Davies was not a member of Congress, the President must have spoken from personal knowledge, but that is neither here nor there; we have no doubt that his diagnosis of his friend's sentiments was correct. In any case, the issue was defined with almost startling clearness; the "acid test to disclose true loyalty and genuine Americanism" was the record of a candidate on the "crucial propositions" enumerated. But it was not retroactive. It

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did not apply, for example, to Representative Kent of California, who, after having voted against tabling the McLemore resolution, and after having been defeated for re-election, was appointed a member of the Tariff Commission. Nor do we recall that, in the election of 1916, the President by so much as a hint or suggestion opposed the return of 20 Democratic Congressmen, including the famous McLemore himself, all of whom voted as Mr. Lenroot voted and failed equally in meeting "the acid test" of "true loyalty and genuine Americanism."

We have not the remotest idea that Mr. Wilson ever countenanced or heard of the appeal to the soldiers in Camp Grant published in a Rockford newspaper in these ringing words:

> Tuesday, April 2, you are entitled to vote for United States Senator from Wisconsin to succeed Senator Paul O. Husting. President Wilson, your Commander in Chief, desires all loyal Americans to vote for Joseph E. Davies for United States Senator.
>
> Davies's election means joy at Washington and gloom at Berlin. Davies's defeat means gloom at Washington and joy at Berlin.

That sounds more like Creel. In any event, 576 soldiers voted for Mr. Lenroot to 403 for Mr. Davies and, as everybody knows, Mr. Lenroot carried the State by a handsome majority.

It is but natural, in the circumstances, that even the great body of Republicans who, in common we believe with the great body of Democrats, deplore partisan strife at this crucial time, should feel that the President means to apply his "acid test" exclusively to Republicans; but we do not concur in that view. We are disposed to believe (1) that his alert mind drew a salutary lesson from the result in Wisconsin, (2) that he has seen a great light in the death struggle and crying need of all that United America can give in France, and (3) that when he declares to the Congress and the people "Politics is adjourned," he means precisely what he says.

In that belief we seek his help.

III. PATRIOTISM BEFORE POLITICS

The readers of this REVIEW, as we remarked at the outset, are cognizant of our endeavors to eliminate partisan strife from the forthcoming Congressional elections and are familiar with our reasons for believing that it can be done to a

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very considerable degree, through patriotic co-operation, to enormous advantage of the country and without prejudice or disadvantage to either of the great parties. In pursuance of this object, on May 13 we addressed to the Chairmen of the two National Committees identical notes to this effect:

WASHINGTON, Monday, May 13.

MY DEAR MR. HAYS:

In consideration of the unprecedented condition of public affairs and of a quite common desire, so far as may be practicable, to eliminate partisanship from the coming Congressional elections, might it not be possible—even probable—for you and Mr. McCormick to reach an agreement, upon wholly patriotic grounds, to eliminate from political strife a certain number of districts in which the results cannot in candor be regarded as in the slightest degree doubtful? Take as bald instances, for example, Vermont and Arkansas—indeed, while I have not carefully analyzed the situation, I am disposed to think that fully 50 and perhaps 60 per cent. of the Congressional districts would fall within the classification of "certainty." Now, if I am right, or even approximately correct in this assumption, would it not be worth while at least for you and Mr. McCormick to meet, simply to talk the matter over and see if something along the line I have suggested may not be accomplished to the advantage of the country and the cause?

I appreciate, of course, that nothing at this late day could be achieved further than a mutual agreement upon the part of you two Chairmen to recommend to your respective electors in such districts as may be regarded as *certain* to vote this or that way not to interpose an opposing candidate—unless, of course, the one named by the recognized majority should be objectionable upon grounds of suspected disloyalty or for some other distinctive reason.

I hesitate, naturally, to address you upon such a matter, and am impelled to do so, I beg you to believe, only by the positiveness of the expressed convictions of many others, no less than of my own, that anything, however seemingly unimportant, that might be done to evidence to our friends abroad a unity of spirit and purpose at home, could not fail to be advantageous.

I cannot see how any harm or bother, political or otherwise, could eventuate from an informal and of course wholly uncommitting conversation such as I have suggested, and I can perceive at least a possibility of great good.

Also, it goes without saying, I may be quite in error, with respect at any rate to practicability, but, feeling as I do, I cannot do less than take the risk of seeming to be so presumptuous as to propose that I try to arrange such a meeting as I have suggested. Simultaneously with the despatch of this note to you, I am of course sending one identical in every respect to Mr. McCormick. And I remain,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

WILL H. HAYS, ESQ.,
Chairman of the Republican
National Committee.

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Mr. Hays responded on the same day as follows:

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1918.

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I have your note, and I like the idea. Anything I can do to keep politics out of this war I stand ready to do.

While, of course, as you point out, we cannot go past a certain point, I believe that something to this end might be achieved by a discussion of your suggestion, and with that purpose in mind, I will gladly keep any appointment that may be convenient to you and Mr. McCormick.

Sincerely yours,

WILL H. HAYS.

Another thing occurs to me, and doubtless has to you—that our meeting in this way might make more surely effective our determination to whack any disloyal head that may show up.

W. H. H.

Four days later Mr. McCormick replied to an identical note as follows:

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1918.

DEAR COL. HARVEY:

I want to acknowledge your kind letter of the 13th.

The matter about which you have written me has been brought to my attention before, and I have already given very careful consideration to this subject which I consider of very great importance. I want to assure you that the suggestions you have made will have my most careful consideration, and I thank you for writing me.

Faithfully yours,

VANCE C. MCCORMICK,
Chairman.

There the matter stands. The prompt response of Mr. Hays is undeniably frank, unequivocal and, to our mind, worthy of the highest commendation. Less could hardly be said in fairness, but in saying it we are far from meaning to imply the slightest reflection upon Mr. McCormick. His is a grave responsibility calling for the exercise of exceptional prudence, especially with regard to a matter which he regards rightfully as of so great importance. Nevertheless, at the expiration of five weeks after the submission of a suggestion to which he had already given careful consideration, we feel warranted in making a direct appeal to the leader of the Democratic party,—to the only man who can meet the country's demand and resolve into accomplishment his own dictum that Politics shall be, as it ought to be, Adjourned.

Our letter to the two Chairmen presents the case as clearly as we can state it, but the wider possibilities of crushing disloyalty, wherever it may raise its ugly head, now or

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hereafter, through the patriotic coöperation which would inevitably ensue from adoption of the plan proposed are illimitable.

We have only to add, as an indication of the far-reaching effect and practicability of the idea, that if 3,000 majority in each of the last two elections should be accepted, except of course in special instances, as marking a district as safe for the party which carried it both times, the number of Congressional elections would be reduced from 435 to less than 100 and probably, by supplementary mutual agreement, to not more than seventy-five.

" Politics is adjourned."

Will not the President make it so?

AN ECONOMIC ALLIANCE

WHEN nations are at war with each other they are, or should be, at war " all over." That is to say, they fight each other not at one point alone, but wherever they come into contact; and they fight not alone with armies and navies but also with all the forces of diplomacy, of industry and of commerce. Laws prohibiting under penalty trading, correspondence or friendly intercourse of any kind with enemies are customary and appropriate.

Conversely, it is logical and we should say essential that when nations are allied, at any rate when they are allied in such a war as this, they should similarly be allied " all over." That is to say, they should not merely coöperate against the common foe with their armies and navies; but they should equally coördinate and combine their diplomatic activities and their industries and commerce, and these latter should be used no less than their military equipments, not separately but unitedly, for the purpose of overcoming the foe and securing and confirming the objects of the war.

Accepting these observations academically, as little less than axiomatic, we shall now do well to apply them in the most practical and efficient manner to the accomplishment of the gigantic task which we and our Allies have in hand. We and they—all the Allied Powers—are already in military accord, with our armies consolidated under a single Generalissimo. It is further proposed, most happily, to " pool " all Allied war resources of munitions, food and raw materials,

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under either a single head or, more probably, an Allied Cabinet of War Supplies. That will be a perfectly logical sequence to the appointment of a Generalissimo for the Allied armies. But we cannot reckon even it as a finality. There are other steps to be taken for the full completion of what we may call the Alliance of Civilization.

There may be some question as to the extent to which it would be practicable, under the hard and fast prescriptions of the American Constitution, to place the functions of diplomacy and economic administration under a single international head. We can perceive difficulties which might prove insurmountable. But international accord does not imply abdication of national sovereignty. What is obvious and certain is that there could and should be at least a community of counsels, and a consequent unity of purpose, policy and action. That is why it has seemed to us regrettable that the United States should so long have persisted in differing from and holding aloof from all its Allies in Russian policy. While all the nations which are in closest touch with Russia and are therefore supposedly best informed concerning her have been in favor of aiding her with deeds as well as with rhetoric, the United States has alone held back, dissented, and thus blocked action; leaving the unhappy wreck of a once great empire to drift to dissolution and to absorption by the Huns. There is abundant reason for believing that tactful but vigorous action months ago, as dictated by " the common sense of most," would have saved Russia from being partitioned, would have rehabilitated her as a sovereign entity, and would have brought her back into the war as an effective democratic force coöperating with the other democracies of the world against the menace of autocracy.

This unity of allied effort is so desirable as a war measure as to be all but indispensable. But we cannot regard it as by any means confined in its desirability and utility to the period of actual belligerence. It will be equally pertinent to the making of peace, and thereafter for an indeterminate period to the maintenance of peace. We must assume with all confidence that when this war ends we are not merely going to stop fighting and then wash our hands of all further responsibility for the welfare of the world. To do so would be both imbecile and criminal. It will be incumbent upon the Allies not merely to win the war but also and equally to secure and to conserve its results. That will mean that they

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must adopt such measures of reorganized relationships among all nations as will afford the fullest possible compensation for the losses of the war and also afford the strongest possible guarantee against another such war if not against any international war. In such measures it is obvious that economic provisions must play an important part.

There is thus talk about certain degrees of non-intercourse with Germany after the war. Private initiative has led to the signing by millions of pledges not to purchase goods of any kind of German origin for a long term of years following the war. Going further, it is seriously proposed that governmental action shall be taken for the prohibition or at least the discouragement of commercial dealings with Germany, in either buying or selling. In part these proposals doubtless arise, consciously or unconsciously, from a natural and perfectly legitimate feeling of resentment and hatred toward Germany for her attack upon civilization and her unspeakable barbarities in the war. It is indeed difficult to understand how anyone could hereafter purchase, let us say, children's toys from Nuremberg, with a memory of the manner in which Germans have been torturing and massacring little children in France and Belgium; or how any woman could purchase or use any article of German origin, remembering the outrage and martyrdom that thousands of women have suffered at German hands.

But these proposals arise, also, from other considerations than these. It is cogently argued that, on the most practical grounds of equity, the Allies should have the first opportunity to rehabilitate themselves and to restore their own industries and commerce; and that they should give to each other, and afterward to friendly neutrals, the preference over the Huns in both imports and exports. Nor is that all. It is felt that it would be foolishly imprudent to give Germany an opportunity of speedy commercial rehabilitation and therefore of ability again to make herself the troubler of the world. In this there is none of the wanton malignancy with which Germany proposed to "bleed France white," and with which she has during the present war been destroying the industries and also destroying so far as possible the effective manhood of conquered regions. It is simply felt that Germany has grossly misused her material prosperity. She has in the last half century made marvellous industrial and commercial progress, in which she has been greatly aided

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by the friendly patronage of the world at large; and she has now prostituted all the results of that progress to the vilest of purposes, namely, the conquest of the nations which have befriended her, and the subversion of the free and humane civilization of the world to the savage despotism of the hateful thing which she calls "Kultur." After such misuse it would be unreasonable to expect the world to give her another opportunity for a repetition of the same misuse. It would be entirely reasonable and equitable for the world to insist, and to decree through the common agreement and action of civilized Powers, that until through the slow processes of time the German people shall have become chastened and civilized, so that they will no longer turn the resources of civilization against civilization itself, they shall be barred from the normal commercial and social intercourse of nations.

The possibility that such action will be taken is said to cause much concern in Germany, and on the strength of reports to that effect some men in this country are speculating upon the practicability of using threats to that effect as a means of compelling Germany to sue for peace. It has even been intimated that the threat of commercial discrimination against her will be used as a club, and that an offer to refrain from such discrimination will be used as a bribe, to prevail upon Germany to stop the war. Of which speculations, intimations and what not, we must entirely and most earnestly disapprove.

We should of course not object to Germany's being frightened into suing for peace by the prospect of commercial outlawry. We should heartily rejoice thereat. But we can conceive nothing more foolish than it would be to depend upon or in any degree to look to any such thing as a means of ending the war. Germany may be frightened; or she may be merely pretending to be frightened so as to delude us into relaxing our war efforts and into being willing to enter another Brest-Litovsk conference and let the Jeremy Diddlers of Berlin dupe us as they duped the Bolsheviki. Her fright is nothing to us. It should not, even if it were indubitably genuine, induce us for one moment to relax our aggressiveness against her by so much as the hundred millionth part of a degree. On the contrary, if we knew that the reports were true and that the whole German nation was mortally frightened at the forecast of what may happen to them after the war, we should say that that was one of the strongest

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reasons for pressing on the more remorselessly and inexorably, to kill Huns with all our might and main. Panic-stricken men are the easiest of all to slaughter, and our chief duty before God and man is to KILL HUNS.

It would be a foolish and indeed a most discreditable thing to propose a commercial "boycott" as a means of exerting pressure for peace upon Germany, and it would be nothing short of infamous to offer resumption and maintenance of economic equality as a bribe for quitting the war. All the reasons for treating Germany as a commercial outlaw exist now, in full force, and they would not be destroyed nor diminished in power by the mere making of peace. It will not matter whether the war is ended by the unconditional surrender of Germany, or by our fighting her to a standstill and crushing her to her knees. The economic alliance against her must be effective in either case. It will be a feature of the peace, just as the military alliance is a feature of the war.

We must indeed regard it as quite futile to expect any apprehension or fear which Germany may suffer to have a chastening effect upon her or to cause her to surrender her arms. It is possible that the fear or the risk of suffering economic outlawry might have had a deterrent effect before the war, if it had been clearly presented to some German minds. At any rate, it would have been taken into consideration, as one of the potential contingencies of the war, and as one of the penalties which might be incurred in case of defeat. We do not say that it would have proved or could have been made to prove effectively deterrent. We think not.

The question of generosity may also be dismissed. It is not pertinent. Generosity is not to be taken into consideration in dealing with the nation which in 1870 deliberately, through lies and forgery, provoked a war with France for the premeditated purpose of robbing her of her coal and iron mines and "bleeding her white" by the exaction of an indemnity which it was thought would be beyond her power to pay; with the nation which for forty-odd years thereafter was the most arrogant, ungenerous and dishonest of all in the world in its commercial transactions; with the nation which in this war has conducted such an orgy of public and private loot, and of such wanton and wholesale destruction of the economic resources and peaceful industries of other lands, as the world never before witnessed. It is not harsh,

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it is not ungenerous, to make the plunderer disgorge his plunder, or to make the wanton marauder pay some penalty for his crimes.

Nor can we for a moment admit the objection of illegality, under the principles of international law which Germany herself repudiates but which are still cherished and revered by the civilized nations of the world. Law is partly a matter of equity, and partly of precedent. With the equitable view we have already concerned ourselves. Upon that ground our title to the proposed policy is clear and indefeasible. Upon that of precedent, even of precedent sanctioned by Germany herself, it is no less strong. From time immemorial civilized nations have maintained and have practised the right to control, for the general good, the affairs of those which are their inferiors in morals and civilization. Thus traffic in firearms and intoxicants with African tribes has been prohibited; the slave trade has been interfered with; international supervision was established over the chaotic finances of Turkey; the tariff laws of China have for many years been subject to foreign dictation. These and other similar things have been participated in by Germany, and have received the sanction of undisputed precedent. Who shall challenge the right of the world—nay, the imperative duty of the civilized Powers of the world—to apply at least some small measure of the same principle to a nation which has shown itself more lawless, more barbaric, more unfit to exercise the prerogatives of national sovereignty and the international peerage, than any African tribe or Oriental horde?

THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY

It is not a customary thing for the President to issue a proclamation or any public utterance concerning the Fourth of July. For several generations that anniversary has been so well established a date in the patriotic calendar as to need no reminder and no exhortation for its general and befitting observance. At the present time, however, we must be grateful to the President for what he recently said concerning it, by way of calling attention not to the day itself nor yet to its long-prevalent and conventional significance, but rather to some certain new significations and new duties which have been given to it by the extraordinary events of the last year.

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Perhaps these significations and duties are not altogether new. Indeed, we must regard them as having existed from the beginning. But they have been latent, or have been ignored, and it has required the tremendous stress of our implication in the world war to reveal them to us and to emphasize upon our minds their transcendent importance.

There is first of all, perhaps, the eternal union between power and responsibility, between right and duty. For nearly a century and a half we have been recognizing, boasting, glorifying and practising our independence. That has been right and fitting and commendable. But the trouble has been that we have stopped right there with that word "independence," as though it were the be-all and end-all and do-all. We have not even recognized as we should its inseparable consequence, that, as an independent nation, we have, in Jefferson's own too often forgotten words, "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States of right do." It will be a blessed good thing for us to get that conception of independence into our heads a good deal more clearly and convincingly than we have hitherto had it.

That, however, is only a part, and perhaps not the major part, of the significance of independence which this Fourth of July, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, should bring to us. The other part is what we have already referred to, the reciprocal relationship between power and responsibility, or, to put it more explicitly in the present case, between national independence and national obligation. You cannot separate the two, any more than you can dissolve the sequence of night and day, or have a balance hanging true and level with a weight in only one scale. It was well, it was everlastingly right, to proclaim a hundred and forty-two years ago that we had a right to do all things which independent states may of right do, and we are ready to maintain that right with our last ounce of strength and drop of blood. But it is equally true that we are under obligation to do all things which independent states must of duty do.

That is the everlasting fact which we have been too much ignoring, either thoughtlessly or purposely. Just as surely as we are unwilling to forego our rights, so surely should we be ready to fulfill our duties. From that there is no escape; save through stultification, disaster and shame. It means

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that while we require other nations to respect us and to keep their treaties with us, we must equally respect them and keep our treaties with them. It means that we owe a duty to the commonwealth of nations, to bear our part in maintaining, even with force in war, the validity of international law and treaties. It means that if, as we insist, we have a right to declare war and make alliances, we are under obligation to do so whenever it is required by the welfare of the world. That is a conception of America's place among the nations of the world which it will be profitable for us to consider on this Fourth of July.

To be still more specific and direct in the application of the principle: If we had a right to enter into treaties for the safeguarding of neutral rights and for the prohibition of barbarous practises in war, we incurred the equal duty to stand for the enforcement of those treaties. From another angle: If our citizens had a right to travel on the high seas in merchant vessels, our Government had an equal duty to protect them in that right, and to avenge for them its violation. Those are some of the considerations which on this national anniversary abundantly justify our participation in the war; or subject that participation to censure only because it was so long postponed.

There comes, too, a new conception of the rights and duties of the individual citizen, as well as of the nation as a whole. For the union between rights and duties is as strong and as inevitable in the one case as in the other. The President in his felicitous exhortation for the Fourth of July addressed particularly citizens of alien origin. Let us begin with them our application of this principle. If they enjoy the right to become American citizens by naturalization, they bear the equal duty to renounce utterly the old citizenship and to cherish no dual nor divided allegiance. Happily, very few have sought to evade that duty, save a certain proportion of Germans, who come from the only land on earth that has had the insolent effrontery to proclaim and to seek to legitimize dual allegiance—which in its case meant unimpaired allegiance to the old country and a mere hypocritical pretence of it to the country of naturalization. This nation fought a long battle, through many years, to vindicate the right of expatriation, and finally succeeded. It has a right to require in return that its naturalized citizens shall be completely expatriated from the old country, in political sympathy as well

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as in technical form. The citizen bears that duty just as much as he enjoys that right.

Another too much forgotten fact of which the Fourth of July may well remind us is this: That political citizenship is not enumerated and is not to be reckoned among the "natural and inalienable rights" which all men enjoy. No man has a right to be a citizen of this country solely because he is a man. He has the right, if at all, because he has complied with certain prescribed requirements, and the nation is indefeasibly competent to prescribe any requirements and conditions that it may please it to do. It is true that our Constitution bestows the *ipso facto* right of citizenship upon all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction. But in that very grant it prescribes certain conditions on which alone citizenship may be enjoyed, and that fact implies the power to prescribe any other conditions upon which the necessary majority of the people may be agreed.

Nor is the right or privilege of citizenship, once granted, perpetual and inalienable. It is granted on certain conditions, and it is to be enjoyed only so long as those conditions are complied with. That is elementary logic. Equally obvious is it that it may be revoked for fraud. When it appears that it was originally secured under false pretences, it may be withdrawn. It is to our mind a most salutary circumstance that during the last few months this sound principle, long forgotten or ignored, has been brought to mind by being put into practice. It will be well to have it continually kept in mind by all, native and naturalized. It will give a more just conception of what American citizenship means, and will tend toward a more scrupulous and loyal observance of its duties as well as an exercise of its rights.

"Duties and rights." There is need of further realization of the balance between them so far as the citizen is concerned. He is ready and urgent to assert his rights—his right to vote, his right to freedom of worship and of speech, his right to the protection of the law for his person and property, his right to protection from foreign invasion, his right to the protection of the flag when he goes abroad on the high seas or in foreign lands. "*Civis Americanus sum*" he would make the world's proudest boast of personal security. But when the other side of the shield is presented and there is talk of his duties to the nation, or of the nation's right to com-

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mand his service, that is another and very different story. When asked to pay taxes he grumbles. When asked to conserve certain kinds of food he complains of the Government's invasion of his private rights. When asked to volunteer for military service—the identical service which he expects the Government to exercise for his protection—he declines, and when conscripted he shrieks against "tyranny"; while as for universal compulsory military training—what was the Declaration of Independence for if not to free us from such despotism?

Now the fact is, of course, that these things are required of him not in spite of and in violation of but rather because of the Declaration of Independence. The subjects of an autocracy may justly complain of such impositions. The citizens of a democracy should understand that just because they are such citizens these duties to the state are incumbent upon them. Just so surely as the citizen has a right to vote, the state has a right to conscript him for military service. Just so surely as he has a right to the protection of the state, the state has a right to the protection of its citizens. The principle stands foursquare, impregnable and inevitable. And thank God, as a result of this war, men are generally awakening to the fact and the carping, complaining citizen whom we have just described is becoming more and more the despised and detested exception to the rule.

It is gratifying also to observe a growing inclination to assert the right of national self-protection against alien propaganda of all sorts. "The right of self-defense," said Monroe, in an utterance only a little less memorable than his famous Doctrine, "never ceases. It is among the most sacred, and alike necessary to nations and to individuals." And in pursuance of that right, he ordered the extreme measure of a military invasion of the territory of another and friendly Power. Assuredly, in vindication of that same right it is legitimate and appropriate to take whatever strenuous measures may be necessary within our own borders. It long seemed safe, in our easy-going tolerance, to permit the existence of a nation-wide alien organization, the confessed purposes of which comprise a cherishing and perpetuation of alien sympathies and affiliations among those who professed to be American citizens. We were boasting of our capacity for receiving and assimilating into thorough American citizenship unlimited numbers of aliens, and at the same time were

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countenancing and even encouraging the activities of a vast conspiracy against such assimilation. Just to be aroused out of that folly and to be impelled to apply to political as well as all other life the truth that "no man can serve two masters," will be by no means the least of the benefits which we shall derive from the great war.

"Their first war with England," once said the London *Times* concerning the United States, "made them independent; their second made them formidable." It may be interesting matter of speculation, what comparable effect upon our status will be produced by the present war. We expect that there will be several effects, of the greatest importance. Among them we shall certainly hope to find the awakening to national and individual self-consciousness which we have here indicated; the rising of the nation as a whole to a fuller realization of both the rights and the duties of independence and the indissoluble bond between them, and the similar awakening of individual citizens to a realization of their rights and duties. If this year's commemoration of the nation's natal anniversary shall be marked by such an awakening, it may well rank as the most important since 1776.

"THE THREE YORKTOWN NATIONS"

THE phrase was M. Jusserand's; the epigrammatic climax of a notably eloquent and sympathetic speech: "The three Yorktown nations." It was received, when uttered, with delighted appreciation and applause. It is worthy to be remembered and to be cherished as a part of the mental furniture, or perhaps we should say the mental working tools, of every American citizen. It is peculiarly timely, apt and felicitous at this present conjuncture in the affairs of this nation, of the other two "Yorktown nations," and of the world; when, it is not too much to say, in the hands of those three nations reposes the destiny of the human race.

It will be profitable for us to recall distinctly and accurately what the "three Yorktown nations" meant to each other and to the world at Yorktown, and what they mean at this time, nearly a century and a half later; on both occasions involved in a great war. We may say, then, that the meanings of the two occasions are substantially identical, and that the relationship which existed among the three at Yorktown

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in 1781 was the natural forerunner of and prelude to that which exists among the same three nations in 1918. Because they were to each other what they were at Yorktown, they are to each other what they are in Flanders and Picardy and Champagne. That is not a paradox. It is a literal statement of historic fact. And it is so because of the essential identity of purposes and issues of the two wars. In 1781 the three nations were learning the great lesson of democracy, and because they had not yet fully learned it and had not applied its principles, they disagreed and were at war among themselves. In 1918 they have all learned that lesson and therefore are at peace among themselves and are allied together to maintain those principles against a common foe.

We might from one point of view take to ourselves the credit of having been in the Revolution the first to learn the lesson of democracy, and of then having been engaged in teaching it to the others. But that would be a partial and inadequate view. For we must remember, despite the persistent misrepresentations of purblind prejudice, that the Revolution was—as in fact its very name convincingly implies—a Civil War, between two sections or factions of a single nation. It was that just as truly and as essentially as was the civil war in England between Parliament and the Stuart crown, or the later civil war in America between the North and the South. The only difference was in the result. These others ended in reunion of the temporarily distracted and divided nations, while the Revolution ended in a permanent division and separation. The war which culminated at Yorktown was in its inception, so far as England and America were concerned, a struggle of the progressive and democratic part of the British nation against the reactionary and autocratic part; and the later issue, of American secession and independence, which arose in the second year of the war and was finally triumphant, was merely incidental to the original purpose, precisely as the abolition of slavery in our own later civil war was merely incidental to the original purpose, which was to maintain the integrity of the Union.

Nor was that struggle purely sectional, save in the geographical distribution of the actual fighting. A large proportion of the English people in England strongly and openly sided with the American revolutionists; including many of the foremost statesmen and Parliamentarians, and so large a proportion of the army that the Government was

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compelled to turn to Germany for mercenary troops to fight its own subjects. On the other hand, a considerable proportion of Americans sided with the reactionists in England. There was, of course, this radical difference, that in England the American sympathizers retained places of power and honor, and finally gained control of the Government and established in England the same reforms that the American revolutionists had demanded and established here, while in America the partisans of the English reactionary faction were ostracised and ultimately exiled. But these, too, or their children, learned the same great lesson of democracy, which has no more staunch and faithful supporters in the world to-day than the descendants of the "Loyalists" and "Tories" of 1781. There is thus nothing more natural or more appropriate than that these two of the Yorktown Nations, America and Great Britain, should to-day be in perfect accord and close alliance. It was not merely the America of Washington and Jefferson that triumphed at Yorktown: it was equally the England of Chatham and Burke.

Nor was there then nor is there now the least false note in the participation of the third of the Yorktown Nations. In the old conflict between France and England, democracy was not involved. That was a conflict between the ancient, autocratic elements of both nations. They had fought each other before, regardless of America, and they would have fought each other again if America had never been brought into the controversy. But a new element entered into the Revolution. That was the rise of the spirit of sympathy with democracy in France, typified by and incarnated in Lafayette; without which we may greatly doubt if France would have given the efficient aid which made Yorktown a scene of triumph. There was no reason why the Bourbon king should have been more sympathetic—rather, less unsympathetic—than Frederick of Prussia or Catherine of Russia. But in Lafayette France had, unconsciously, the forerunner of her own Revolution, her own democracy. It was not because of ancient enmity toward England, but because of love for human freedom and the rights of man, that Lafayette gave his sword and his fortune to America, and thus led France itself into the conflict which set the example for and gave the incitement and inspiration to France's own revolution and the establishment of the French Republic.

It is thus eminently fitting for France again to form a

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member of this trinity of nations. She is the ally of the nation which she assisted to become a sovereign democracy, and which in turn reciprocally assisted her to make her democracy triumphant. She is also the ally of the nation with which she was then at war partly because of ancient issues long since forever passed away, and partly because of at least personal sympathy with the freedom-loving faction of that nation, through the triumph of which all three of the Yorktown Nations have been made the world's chief champions of democracy.

It is a noble consummation that at the conclusion of a hundred years of unbroken peace among them, these three once-warring Powers should be firmly united in an alliance for waging the world's latest and greatest conflict for what we may hope will be the final vindication of the great principles which first brought them together, in so different circumstances, at Yorktown. It is an appropriate commemoration of their century of peace; and for that commemoration, and for its perpetual record, M. Jusserand has provided the most appropriate and significant legend in that pregnant phrase, "the three Yorktown Nations."

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LETTERS FROM A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR

[*The following note has been supplied by the parents of the French soldier whose letters from the front and from prison the* REVIEW *is privileged to publish herewith.*—EDITOR.

THE anonymous letters which follow were written by a young French soldier, a Bachelor of Letters, mobilized in April, 1915, at the age of eighteen, who after fourteen months at the front was taken prisoner by the enemy on the morning of Whitsunday, 1917. During his subsequent captivity in the "invaded regions" he has found the means of communicating with his family without revealing the nature of his occupations, or even the place where he is imprisoned.

His parents have been asked to give to the American public some extracts from his letters, several hundred in number. They are here in all their simplicity. Certain passages meant only for the intimate family are omitted, as well as all facts which would reveal any military information. It was thought advisable also to omit such humorous allusions and literary quotations as would not be familiar to a foreign public. Nevertheless, may these pages bring to spirits beyond the Atlantic a *sursum corda!* A certain enlightened judge wrote to us as follows regarding these letters: "I am about to read them to my boys. This paean, so grave, so modest, so sustained, to harmony and to confidence, possesses an eloquence which moves me deeply. And with what judicious force this love of all that is real and what is true is expressed! The serenity of your son, his valor, his devotion, are stripped of every external mark of glory or authority; they shine in their naked strength, without any intermediary. . . . Thank you for allowing us to share with you in your filial, virile, and human treasure."

—Paris, Jan. 27, 1918.]

FAREWELL TO HEARTH AND HOME

Paris, April 11, 1915.

MY DEAR PARENTS:

I am afraid my departure is going to be a trial to you. I should like to explain the reasons why this day should be a day of profound joy for you, as well as for me.

I don't pretend in the least that a separation is not always more or less sad. But this separation is different from an

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ordinary going away: whether I go to the trenches some day or whether I don't go, I shall always be collaborating in the same *Work*.

You know what I mean by this word *Work;* for me it means far more than a patriotic duty—it is a real duty to humanity.

Patriotism can often be calamitous; such is the patriotism of a people that does not dare disavow the iniquities committed by its army, and with which it thus becomes associated. In many cases, a certain kind of patriotism may be opposed to the spirit of Christ.

So here I see far more than a patriot's duty—and patriotism is good when the country to which one belongs is a peace-loving and democratic country (according to my idea, the two principal virtues a country can possess).

I would do my share (and you with me, since you are in agreement with me in all points, and have helped me mightily in my departure, as well by your moral as by your material aid) in the work of sane patriotism, and then in the work, a thousand times more beautiful still, for the whole of humanity.

You are, as I am, convinced that the triumph of the Germans would mean the downfall of Peace and Justice, not only in Europe, but in the whole world—an example is so contagious!

Since the war began I have thought a great deal about the question of war and of peace. I have come to the conclusion that the first is an abominable crime, and Christian countries should stand unanimously against it; that there are on this earth no English, no French, no Germans, but men, who should strike to help, and not devour, one another.

Behold the nations whose crimes we can never sufficiently execrate (whether it be that of a Government or of an entire people) who set fire to Europe, and make a doctrine of violence, of lies, of cruelty, of war! Not to resist them would be to allow an anti-Christian rule to be established upon earth.

So I have become absolutely convinced that, in spite of all that is revolting in the idea of killing other human beings, to-day one cannot hesitate. Let us fight in order to pave the way for a world in which one will fight no more! Let this war be the war against war! That is the thought which fills me with joy and enthusiasm.

The defeat of Germany would mean the defeat of brutal

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Force, would mean the era of a new humanity, regenerated, purified, a *Humanity* indeed!—and not a lot of countries with no thought but to throw themselves one upon the other.

My own conviction is that the world is growing better and that the Christian spirit is making progress. Whether we call it "the Christian spirit" or whether the free-thinkers call it "the spirit of Justice"—the meaning is always the same.

I believe that, thanks to this war, War will collapse once for all. It is worth while to give one's life, actually or figuratively, for such an idea.

I think also, as you do, that this war should be a war of liberation for the oppressed. Besides, I am certain (and here, too, the Work to be accomplished is a work of Justice) that this war will mean the triumph of democracy, the defeat of the ridiculous and criminal régime of hierarchy and privilege.

It would even be worth while—more than that, it would be one's *duty*—to take up arms to drive out the foe from France and Belgium. . . . But I see farther than that.

The great result must be a change of mentality throughout the world, salutary not only for Germany, but for each of us. For these reasons, I feel that this is not a war between countries, but a war of Humanity against violence and evil.

We must look above the means employed and fix our gaze boldly on the future and the humanity which will come after us. To kill, to wound—that is indeed horrible! Let us recognize that we must do it, that it is inevitable now for the sake of the future of the world. No one sees better than I the hideousness of the means. But that does not prevent our looking higher and farther; and only he whose horizon is a vast one can see all that is grand in this war.

Who of us, before such a Work, will draw back on account of moral or material difficulties? I repeat boldly: this day should be for you and for me a day of profound joy.

So I go away with a conscience at ease; and that is what matters.

THE BARRACKS

The only moments when one can really think is when everyone is asleep, at night or early in the morning.

If now and then I have felt a little lonely, I have reacted strongly against this impression.

First, I know some men of intellectual attainments, which

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is an immense privilege; then in the rare moments when I have had this fleeting sensation, I have found myself strangely happy at the thought of what we are defending.

Further—and this is the real source of power—I have always been able to keep my love of "serving" *by prayer;* and when these few minutes were passed I felt deeply happy, without knowing exactly why.

Yesterday evening I walked for a long time with a comrade in the courtyard of the barracks. There in the twilight we talked about many interesting things; then we rested our arms on the wall and admired the silence of the evening.

The sky was pearl-grey, the deserted road was edged with apple trees in bloom; in the background a few motionless poplars bent toward the ground. Not a voice was to be heard. You must have experienced a similar poignant impression. Suddenly a star rose above a poplar. A real Verlaine landscape—and way off in the distance a dark line of forest.

I forgot the active and noisy life of the barracks and I felt stirring within me everything I love in poetry. Moments like that regenerate us.

. . . This morning I am full of confidence and new happinesses. Truly this life is transforming me without my knowing exactly what is taking place in me.

Whoever joins the service must accept the idea that the liberty which he will enjoy during this period of his life will, for the greater part of the time, be only a relative liberty. It must be so. Moreover, everyone, for the sake of the liberty of Europe, should be willing to have his own liberty a little abridged.

War, even the most just, though it may awaken splendid devotion, is none the less likely to awaken in the man under arms the sentiments of cruelty and of hatred; and I believe that if our first duty just now is to devote ourselves wholly to the task which the future of the world requires, afterwards we must work to change human mentalities, and to find the way to keep peace, not from fear of our neighbor, but from horror of guilt.

Truly one is conscious to an extraordinary degree of the slime in which humanity grovels when one thinks that a country (or a government which represents it) has dared let loose in cold blood such a conflict.

This idea, when we look into it, has nothing weakening

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in it, rather the contrary. First, let us conquer violence and war by the methods which have been imposed upon us, in order that we may not see the reign of savagery established in Europe. Then, let us continue the fight without respite, trying this time to ameliorate the lot of humanity. Let us impose upon the vanquished such conditions that he cannot begin it over again; make it certain that he will not undertake a new conflict—make this impossible not only materially, but by awakening the sense of justice. Moreover, one won't go without the other.

The more I see of soldiers the more I feel certain that the French are peace-loving and " anti-military " in the best sense of the word.

IN THE HOSPITAL[1]

In spite of this bit of bad luck, courage fine and serene. The order of the day is faith and confidence, particularly when things go wrong.

Shall I offer myself as a " volunteer "? I want to serve with all my strength the cause of peace and of the future, and as quickly as possible. But first I must measure the extent of my moral forces.

Not since I have been here have I lived in a healthy and resolute atmosphere. Sometimes one is saddened by the talk one hears about present conditions, from persons who have actually suffered (physically and morally) for a cause of whose nature they seem quite ignorant.

. . . I keep my confidence . . . a confidence which some day I hope to see effective and no longer purely passive. And in the " All's well " with which I end these lines you can read an " all shall be well " in the future, because I feel in myself the will and the force to make it so.

Again they are keeping me in the hospital. I don't complain in any way at their decision; I accept what is inevitable; I merely mention the fact. Many say, and always will say: " We are well off here." I seek another point of view; and I believe that if I have left all that was familiar to me, it was for the purpose of making myself as useful as possible and for preparing some day to give my full measure.

I fear I shall have to begin a second training, and that

[1] Some cases of spinal meningitis having broken out in the barracks, the author was placed in the hospital for observation.

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I am losing strength and energy (physical and even moral) in this life of idleness and softness.

I have spoken of moral energy; I do not mean the spirit of *resolution* and of *conviction* which has always inspired me and does not cease to raise me above myself. That cannot suffer any attack—I feel that and I know that. What I fear here is that I may become accustomed to looking at things with indifference and carelessness. But even then, the will to react against it would be sufficient.

If I have bared to you some of the motives which make me regret my forced seclusion, it is not to complain of it. First, it is always silly to argue against the inevitable, and then, if I am a little disappointed, I am not at all discouraged, not even worried. I know that this is for my good, the good of my comrades, and (everything is bound up together) for the interest of the cause which means so much to us all.

There is never a slight trial in which, if one has the will, one may not find some profit to himself.

I look *forward,* eyes fixed on the *future,* and I keep confident and resolute.

I am here in the school of patience.

I don't believe that the lance corporals now have any idea of the terrible responsibility which will be theirs when they come under fire. At their age and without experience, to hold in their hands the lives of men which can be endangered by an error, a minute of hesitation or of emotion! . . . Truly he who can look coldly at such a possibility must be very sure of himself and be well acquainted with himself.

So let him who feels that he has the moral force necessary to bear such a responsibility follow the platoon . . . that is all right. Otherwise, I can't grasp such a state of mind.

We are having wonderful weather these days, full of promise and spring odors; everything is getting ready to come to life again. And one feels oneself born again; a new spirit takes hold of one, and a flood of memories flows into the mind.

And when I think of all the beautiful past, I say to myself that military service is only a digression in life; and that, far from killing the intellectual life, it only puts it to sleep. When the digression is over, one should take up at once one's old habits, and love even more than before all that has interested one.

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This partial torpor of the mind is not so much a weakness as a necessity; military life cannot agree with the life of the mind—it is indeed absolutely incompatible with it.

I am having some very useful experiences and am happy to be here, in my place, with my comrades, with all the young men of my age, for the same work.

Are we not ready for anything, you and I, and what thing can separate us spiritually?

I think of you with a great feeling of tenderness, and I feel more and more that the physical separation cannot influence the moral presence. The communion of spirits is an undeniable truth.

IN THE ZONE OF THE ARMIES

(*February*, 1916)

To-morrow we leave the depot for the army zone. Let's have a little moral examination. I *for my part* am setting off serious and happy. I leave without any regret, with a clear conscience. When the moment comes to enter the trenches I shall throw myself simply and with faith into this new life. . . . I feel myself nearer and nearer to you in thought, and my filial affection is the only sentiment which I feel so strongly in this life that is so material; and this communion of spirit before the same Ideal is the greatest joy to me, the greatest comfort in my life.

As we were going along I heard a sound which at first I took for the slamming of a door; but it was the bursting of a bomb hurled by an aviator a short distance from our train.

I have had the chance to talk with some soldiers of my regiment and they have given me many interesting facts about the hard, hard life at the front, made up of dangers, cold, and fatigue, particularly in winter. It is fine to listen to those who bear like Stoics this life of absolute sacrifice. It is evidently a splendid manifestation of human energy.

I am to be vaccinated with an anti-typhoid serum. I don't expect to be affected by it. I have the conviction that in things of this kind the will and the absence of apprehension count for a great deal.

I have continued the reading of your precious little "book of spiritual refreshment." I intend to seek in it often for a kind of shield against moral baseness and deficiency.

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I am reading *Pickwick Papers* with much enjoyment; many passages have made me laugh out loud.

Extraordinary occurrence! I was deep in Mr. Pickwick when someone called out: "Are there any here to volunteer?" The majority of the squad came forward, and I among them.

I know that you, with me, will receive this news confidently and gladly, and that is why I acted without hesitation as I did. I have been longing for some time for this to happen. Though I have been waiting patiently and inwardly at peace, I was eager for a less commonplace existence.

. . . (An interruption. All our demands have been granted and we set off to-morrow morning. So much the better!)

I am leaving with unutterable joy and absolute confidence.

I commend you to God, Who will make you feel my enthusiasm.

We are ready, you and I; nothing can shake our confidence, nor our joy in contributing thus together (for indeed it is a collaboration in which you represent all the moral element) to such a Work. Nothing else concerns us. Forward with God, with uplifted spirits!

Hurrah for our departure, and the battle for Peace!

I assure you once again that we shall always be near to one another. Be as calm and as unconcerned as I am; that is the best wish I can wish for you.

Long live the life of work and fatigue for a cause such as we shall soon be embarked on!

Yours in joy and hope . . .

You cannot imagine with what delight I left the rear and how happy I am now.

For the first time since my arrival in the regiment I have found some friends, Christians and idealists, with whom I can feel completely in harmony.

. . . Since I have known X—— (we walk together every evening) I am hourly reproached by my faith and my longing for the Ideal. He is a radiant personality and possesses a faith that is contagious, if I may express myself thus, and I am now more conscious of the benefits of prayer, and

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all the joy of holding to such an ideal. That is the secret of never feeling alone and of looking upon death as a happy event, since it is a new birth.

. . . I am to become acquainted with trench life. Without any bragging, I may say that I have no apprehension. I shall be glad to be exposed to danger for the sake of Justice and Peace.

Of course, the first shells and mines must make a disagreeable impression; but with God's aid, and habit, all will be right. I repeat, I do not feel the slightest fear; on the contrary, I am full of enthusiasm and faith.

I hope to come out uninjured from my stay at the front; but I consider perfectly calmly all possibilities. Do your duty and don't bother about the rest. The future is not our affair. And though I have confidence in my return, I see absolutely nothing sad nor hard in the other possibility. I am not of those who fear death; and I prefer to look all chances calmly face to face. I know that I *believe,* and that keeps me from fearing. I shall do my work then without fear, I hope, but with plenty of prudence.

If I am so frank with you, without any disguise, it is because I know that you think the same: that you have confidence in my return, but that you can also face the chance of whatever may happen.

I pray for you constantly, and for myself, that I may have faith and courage. That is perhaps the cause of my inner peace and gaiety. And I am sure that you are praying for me, and I thank you.

Long live Peace and Liberty, for whose sakes we are ready to take whatever may come with calm and without regret!

May this letter bring to you as much joy as I have had in writing it.

Your son, proud that he is your son and eager to be a worthy one.

ON THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT

(*April-July,* 1916)

April 6th.

First line trench—morning. . . . The big German shells are bursting a good way from our trench.

I am perfectly satisfied with this little beginning (noth-

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ing much yet, but everything has to have a beginning)—which strengthens my confidence in myself and in my inner calm. Added to this, there is the satisfaction of knowing that one is in one's right place and for a splendid cause.

Courage! my dearest parents, no fear, no anxiety. Everything goes well and will go well. Give yourselves up simply to the happiness of knowing that I am at last in a place of service, and to confidence and faith. . . . Hurrah for the battle for the sake of Peace and Justice!

April 8th.

I feel as happy and calm here as at drill; the only difference is that we are *quieter.*

April 9th.

At this moment the shells are whistling and bursting in the communication trenches after passing over our heads. I have grown so used to this kind of noise that it rarely disturbs my sleep.

April 10th.

Yesterday afternoon a heavy bombardment began: shells, mines. Everyone was at his post in case the enemy should come out of his trenches, thirty metres away. It was a sort of a hurricane, whistling, howling, followed by explosions and smoke, without a moment's interruption. In my loophole we were quite ready; in case of an enemy attack one was to fire, the other to throw grenades. . . .

Would you believe it? Without the slightest boasting, I can say that not for a single moment did I feel the least sensation of fear. I was completely cool, full of *sangfroid* and confidence, at my job and ready to act if the enemy should attempt a sortie. Not a trace of anxiety or nervousness. It is true that I did not feel alone.

At one moment I heard a light blow on my helmet, and this morning I found a mark scarcely visible, made evidently by a spent bullet.

All this allows me to augur well for the future and to look ahead to it without apprehension.

Thanks for your dear letters, which confirm me in my understanding of your state of mind.

April 11th.

I have enormous leisure. Gaiety, spirits, an easy life and a restful one.

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April 12*th.*

Yesterday I received your dear letter. This time it was raining, for the moment.

April 15*th.*

This week of trench life has passed with astonishing rapidity.

As regards *agitation*—I may say, with absolute sincerity, that I have, so to speak, not felt any. That does not mean that the first explosions of shells and mines when they are near-by create a very pleasant impression. But I did not feel the slightest fear of them, and everything seemed perfectly natural. Moreover, everyone soon grows accustomed to the different kinds of noise. Just think, you hear the shells whizzing overhead all the time, sleeping, eating, and talking.

. . . To add to my knowledge of life at the front, I should like to get an idea of the second line trenches, and even of the third. In addition to the satisfaction of making oneself useful, there is a pleasure in informing oneself in regard to so absorbing a subject.

My friends have remarked on my joyous and calm air after these first days in the trenches.

Thanks for your solicitude and for the good opinion you have of me, and of which I hope to make myself worthy.

Always *excelsior!*

I have been much interested in what you say about hatred of the enemy; I feel a great satisfaction that your reflections are the same as mine.

Those who talk of hate, vengeance, and revenge are rarely to be found at the front; they are generally seated in the corner of the hearth. I have talked with a great number of men at the front, and I have never heard such words from them.

Just now we are, I feel, *constrained* to meet violence with violence. But that is no reason for hating every German individually. I believe that the best thing is to do the duty that is forced upon one without hate or desire for vengeance, and not to burst out in vain outcries about the tragedy of the situation.

SENTRY DUTY

From six in the morning to midnight seems long the first day, a little less long the next day, and after a short while it

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passes very rapidly. . . . Every night there is a magnificent starry sky and fireworks from the blazing rockets.

The only slight danger there is comes from the bombs and the trench mortars.

Yesterday evening at the outpost I heard the characteristic hissing of a German trench mortar and we saw the sparks it threw out when it burst. I learned that unfortunately it killed one of our corporals, a fine fellow, father of four children, a territorial of forty, who was seated at the entrance of his shelter. A sergeant behind him inside the shelter was seriously wounded and died later.

A sad result of chance! It was the only trench mortar that the Germans fired during a day which was otherwise perfectly quiet.

Not everyone dies in action during an attack, and many will miss the roll-call after the war who were killed in no contest, at a moment when nothing could have been foreseen. . . . Those, too, will have given their lives, though in the most obscure way, and will have died at their post for the same Cause.

Last night, between eleven o'clock and midnight, we had a slight alarm: musket shots, grenades, some men slightly wounded. I did not receive the least scratch, but that doesn't prevent the German "bottles" from being unpleasant missiles. Though I was at a critical post, I was in luck; moreover, I had a firm intuition that I should not be touched.

The more I am in it, the more interest I take in this war and the more I desire to do my part in it. My spirits are always high, and I am perfectly happy here. I wish you all courage!

IN RESERVE

We are here in safety; only shells can reach this region.

Last night, fatigue-party—a little bag of cement weighing fifty kilos to carry on the back through the communication trenches. Truly, one learns all sorts of trades here.

All goes well, and I have grown so accustomed to looking at things from this angle since I joined the regiment that it is now a *constant* and *normal* state of mind, and requires no effort.

I am writing you from a large, quiet, cool field. The sky is blue; there are some little grey clouds, and the yellow

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moon is surrounded by a mist. There are the last colors of the setting sun, pale red and gold, which merge into the pale blue and make the sky a color that cannot be defined. . . . Trees with tender green leaves, trees in blossom . . . not a breath.

Above a copse a star is shining. A peaceful and restful scene: what a contrast to the noise of night before last!

If you knew how happy I am to be here! One feels oneself breathe; one feels oneself live, and we are far from the suffocating odors of the depot.

I have come across, in the letters of Roger Cahen,[1] more than one familiar expression, and more especially the joy of seeing day triumph little by little over the darkness.

In this season it is about two o'clock that the first glow appears, and with this light the songs of the birds begin—in spite of everything!

Unluckily I am not living in a region as rich as that of the forest of Argonne, and the three big twisted walnut trees, shorn of their leaves, lifting their mutilated branches towards the sky like hands in a menacing gesture, make one think of skeletons, sprung suddenly from I don't know where.

But the inæsthetic wires which I see everywhere and these tragic walnut trees do not prevent my seeing higher up the immense canopy of azure. And the little star which shone this night far away represented as much poetry as the richest landscape—a little luminous point sunk in the dark sea of the night which is fleeing, clouds of morning freshness that one feels in advance.

The man who will take the trouble to see and to think will never be bored.

UNDER THE SHELLS OF VERDUN

(*July-August,* 1916)

July 5th.

Here we are at X, a famous fortified place where the fate of the war and the future of civilization is being decided.

I beg you with all my heart to be happy, calm and hopeful, as I am. Your first duty is to be calm.

[1] A Hebrew, former student of *l'Ecole Normale Supérieure,* killed in the war. His letters have been published in a pamphlet of the Bulletin of *L'Union pour la Vérité.*

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July 6th.

We shan't leave until to-morrow for our "shell holes." I ask of you absolute confidence and calm, and the principal requisite for this is complete frankness between a son and his parents. I, on my side, will give you no equivocations and no mental reservations—nothing but the *truth*. In exchange, you will promise me calm, confidence, and even gaiety.

Our commanding officer has just made us a speech, simple and loyal in tone, which pleased me much. "To-morrow we leave for the 'shell holes' of Thiaumont. Verdun is one of the conditions of victory, and Thiaumont is one of the most important points in the defense of Verdun. If our regiment has been chosen to defend this point, that means that it has proved itself.

"Everyone wants victory; so everyone will have the spirit to bring his desire to pass.

"In addition to moral means must be added physical resources. Rest before the departure; take a quantity of provisions (biscuits, jams, chocolate) because there will not be any way of getting food to you. Take something to drink: two canteens (with wine and water or coffee). Be careful in saving your provisions, for we are leaving for four or five days . . . which may run into ten days. That means, we don't know for how long we are going. Carry arms to defend yourself (grenades and cartridges) and be sparing with your ammunition.

"We are going to meet fatigues and frightful strain; being prepared for them, we shall know how to stand up against them. Our commander has confidence in us; let us have confidence in him."

Now that you know all, I count on you to take everything calmly and without apprehension, to learn to wait, it may be a long while.

You will be able to do this better than others, because you *believe*—a fact which allows me to make use of a frankness that is almost brutal. One can say all things to those who have faith. I know that even in case something should happen to me, and even if it were that which the world in general considers as an irreparable misfortune, you would be capable of accepting all with calm and without sadness.

I speak of this not in the least because I have any premonition of bad luck; on the contrary, I feel that things will

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go all right, but because I want to have my heart free before I leave.

In order to keep calm and confident, pray:

For *you,* that you may continue your work with all the strength of the spirit;

For *me,* that my physical and moral strength will increase.

So in this way we shall be in communication, without the aid of letters.

I shall carry your little New Testament as a reminder of you.

BEFORE THIAUMONT[1]

We left the fortress at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the next day at nine P. M. we occupied our first lines; the last part of the journey taking place on the plain, where we had to stoop at every rocket.

Arriving at dawn near the first line, we had to wait until night before advancing over the plain, and we passed all that day, under a beating rain, crouching in shell holes without any comforts or cover, heavy with the thickest and stickiest mud you could possibly imagine.

There we were nearer the spot where the shells were falling, and there were several casualties—light wounds, for the most.

. . . Our situation has nothing, absolutely nothing, terrible about it. We are quiet, and the days pass in talk about the various amusements to be found here.

My spirits and health perfect. Happy to share in defending V——.

Did I tell you that night before last we were a little disturbed by tear shells and that finally we had to put on our masks? We took advantage of the night to dig communication trenches and to deepen our sham trench.

The corpses, more or less badly buried, are now giving out odors that are slightly unpleasant. But one gets used to everything, and doesn't think of them.

Without going into details, I can tell you that to-day has been quite active on both sides, as far as artillery goes, and that German shells of large calibre have apparently made regrettable gaps in another company.

[1] Thiaumont is on the right bank of the Meuse. At the cost of enormous efforts day and night during the month of February, the Germans seemed about to attain their object in July. But, in fact, they were on the eve of a final check to their progress.

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Good courage, faith and confidence. Thanks for all your kindness that always follows me, and which I feel constantly near me.

There was something new yesterday: a regiment, supported by Moroccan sharpshooters, in our position, took the first line of German trenches.

. . . This little affair makes three times that we have been under fire. The last broke out as soon as the first trench was taken: shells of small calibre and time shells particularly. We were crouched down in a narrow communication trench. Talking about projectiles, I have just received a clump of earth on my stomach, and the blow was a gentle one.

Last night I was told off to question a German prisoner, a huge peasant mobilized as a stretcher-bearer. We understood each other pretty well. There was one amusing incident: when I asked if he were not a corporal, he replied at once that he was a Catholic—a fact that evidently was very important under the circumstances.

I am in such good spirits that I have no feeling of care or fear under fire, and I am surprised at the absolute calm one quickly attains when one is confident.

Yesterday afternoon the Germans sent us a bombardment unbelievably heavy. It began with single shells of big calibre, and the firing increased in intensity until it reached its maximum—something infernal, shells whizzing and bursting everywhere.

Curiously enough, our company came out without any losses from this little game; I was not even touched, but just missed it. . . . A 77, a shell of small calibre, dug a hole scarcely a metre away from the spot where I was sitting with a comrade. For a moment I thought I was wounded. Altogether, there were the slightest kind of scratches behind my right ear and a little scratch (like a pin prick) on my right arm.

Another 77 dropped behind the parapet against which we were leaning.

. . . That night we feared an attack, and they sent us into the first line, under the shells which had begun to fall again. Then it quieted down. . . .

Then rain joined in, and we were trickling with water and stuck in a gluey and thick mud, until we were relieved last night.

A few days' rest and all the strain of this time will seem

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little. We have done our work and we can look forward to a well-earned rest before changing sector.

Always courage and serenity. I knew that all would go well, and I was not mistaken.

"REST" AT VERDUN

July 19th.

When the other day I was curious enough to glance at the spot where the 77 shell scratched me, I noticed a slight puffiness of the skin, and soon I had pulled out by means of a pin this minute splinter which I put in my letter as a souvenir of Thiaumont. It must be acknowledged that that was getting off easy, when an entire shell burst so near.

July 22d.

In a few days it will be four months that I have been at the front. Of the three friends who left together, X, Y and I, I am the only representative, the other two having garnered "good wounds" such as make so many envious. For my part I have the conviction that I shall keep sound to the end, and I continue to enjoy the completest freedom of spirit and an inner equilibrium that no circumstance can shake.

[*To be continued*]

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AS AN ENGLISHMAN SEES IT

BY A. MAURICE LOW

As an Englishman of long residence in the United States, I am a man, not without a country, but without politics; who has had abundant opportunities to judge what your country has done since it joined hands with mine against the mad beast of Europe, and so I may claim to be in a position to appraise without bias American achievements.

The majority of your people have shown a natural impatience because days, weeks and months passed with the promise of what was going to be done some time in the indefinite future but with accomplishment still unrealized; and, to be quite honest, that feeling until a short time ago was shared by our people and the French, although they were polite enough—or perhaps it would be more truthful to say politic enough—not openly to say what they thought. "America has not come up to our expectations," an English friend recently wrote me, and he went on to say it was greatly to be regretted that America had not profited by our mistakes and was repeating the blunders we made in the early days of the war, when without heavy guns and scant equipment and a scarcity of ammunition we were holding the Germans back from Paris and the Channel Ports.

It was quite true, I wrote my friend, America had not come up to English expectations, but I told him America had not come up to her own expectations, and the reason was simple. On our side of the Atlantic we had profound faith in the miracle of America. Your growth, your strength, your resources were so astounding they were little short of miraculous. There was nothing you could not do when necessity required, so we accepted with a certitude born of our faith—a faith we gladly embraced because it was the consolation of our hopes—the miracle of America. Old methods were to be scrapped, new devices were to bring the

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war to a speedy close; our war-worn generals tired, their task too heavy and grown stale, were to be reinvigorated by the new and virile spirit of the West.

On your side you believed this no less than we, only you didn't call it a miracle—that would have savored too much of the theatrical. Mr. Bryan's sincere but misguided belief that America did not need a large standing army, because in case of danger a million men would spring to arms over night, laughed at as the delusion of a well-meaning but unpractical idealist, was, after all, typical of American temperament. If an army had to be raised it was only necessary for the President to issue his proclamation and, behold, the earth would tremble with the tread of the armed legions. It was the same faith, not less in Europe than in America, that encouraged us after the declaration of war to believe American inventive genius would over night discover the means to put the submarine out of business. For three years the best brains of England, France, and Italy, their scientists, naval men, and inventors, had labored incessantly but unsuccessfully, but Mr. Edison having retired to the top of a high mountain would work the miracle. I do not say this in a spirit of levity; on the contrary, it is evidence of the high courage and determination of the American people, qualities which make it certain America will be the great, if not the greatest, factor in winning the war; for America knows no failure and will not concede there is anything which its inventive genius and resolution cannot achieve. If the submarine cannot be defeated in one way, it can and will be in another. It is in that spirit America entered the war, and it is in that spirit America will go on with the war until Germany is broken.

When your country declared war most Americans, I think, to use the terminology of the diamond, believed that it was a tie in the ninth inning with the home team at bat and the winning run in their keeping. Germany and the Allies had fought to a stalemate; on sea the Allies were victorious, but on land neither side was strong enough to dislodge the other. America was to turn the scale, she was to do it with her money and her supplies rather than with her men, and the end was in sight. It came as a shock to most people to learn, as they did learn a few months later, that instead of the war being almost over it was, in fact, entering on a new phase; that Germany was no less strong in the summer

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of 1917 than she had been at any time, and, as events were shortly to prove, in reality stronger, because the collapse of Russia enabled Germany to withdraw practically all her troops from the East and use them on the Western front. America found, as Great Britain and France had found every year since 1914, that the war instead of becoming easier was taxing their strength to the utmost, and America quickly saw that the only hope of defeating Germany was to bring all her resources to bear and to accept whatever sacrifice was necessary.

Mistakes have been made, certain things have been done which ought not to have been done and things have been left undone which ought to have been done, and the blunders of my own countrymen have been repeated by yours, but a nation, like an individual, does not learn from the experience of others but only by its own experience, for which it usually pays dearly. When England entered the war against Germany it was not exactly with a light heart, but it was with only a faint conception of the magnitude of the task she faced and the strain it would impose upon her. Instead of immediately adopting conscription she dallied with it, talked about it, made it a political question, and then accepted a compromise, which is the usual English fashion, and only when much valuable time had been lost and the emergency was so great that further delay was impossible universal service was enforced. It was the same with many other things. The blockade of Germany was lax because of the timidity of the Foreign Office. "Business as usual" was our boast, and we went about our several ways spending money foolishly and refusing to be put on rations or voluntarily reducing our consumption of luxuries because of the unworthy fear it would be an admission of weakness and an encouragement to Germany. We did not want her to think we could not carry on the greatest war the world has known without giving up our pleasures or abandoning our luxurious way of living. Time, of course, taught us wisdom. We bought our experience, and a pretty price it cost us.

You in that respect at least have done much better. You went to conscription with the very beginning of the war, and although at the time you did not believe you would have to send more than half a million men to France, as soon as the gravity of the situation was fully understood you went forward prepared to send not half a million but millions if

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necessary. Of course you have made your mistakes—at least I am told you have, and it would be impolite in me, a foreigner, to doubt the veracity of American critics of Americans—but your mistakes seem to me trivial compared with what you have done, and I am speaking not entirely without knowledge. Possibly, as some critics have asserted, you ought to have had at the declaration of war armies and guns and ammunition and aeroplanes and a military establishment complete to the last gaiter button, and because you didn't have them, for which nobody is to blame, but everyone is responsible, the men who sit in Congress and the men who send the men who sit in Congress—the whole country, in a word—the old faith in the miracle revived and the people at large believed it was only necessary for war to be declared to have Mr. Bryan's million armed men spring into life, and aeroplanes to fill the sky, and heavy guns build themselves; and it would have been possible, quite possible, if the age of miracles had not passed and Americans were supermen.

What has impressed me, what has given me continual pleasure to say to my countrymen and has encouraged and put new strength in them, is not what you have failed to do or might have done, but what you have done. If you take a broad view, if you look at the picture as a whole and do not go hunting with a magnifying glass to discover defects and blemishes, you must be, I am sure, as profoundly impressed as I am and those Englishmen and Frenchmen whose technical knowledge and professional experience entitle them to be heard with respect; you must be so profoundly impressed with the marvellous achievement that, materialist though you be, you will waver and in your doubt be almost tempted to believe that faith in the miracle is not misplaced.

What has a year seen? Had Germany been told that in less than a year it would be possible for America to have under arms and fully equipped 2,000,000 men, of whom more than 500,000 were sent to France without the loss of a single life, Germany, with brutal and clumsy pleasantry, would have indulged in contemptuous references to "those idiotic Yankees." Had Germany been told that the United States could turn out so many (purposely vague with the fear of the Censor before my eyes) destroyers in so many (also in deference to the Censor) months, she would have sneered, and even the British Admiralty would have hoped the good news was true but waited to be shown. You have done this,

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you have made a record in destroyer-building that will be one of the things proudly to relate when the war is over and the men who labored may come into their reward. Germany knew how long it had taken her to prepare, the factories built, the years spent, the thousands and thousands of men employed, the millions of tons of raw materials that passed through her workshops to come out as the machinery of death and destruction, and knowing that America had no great ammunition or ordnance plants, only a limited number of men—limited, that is, gauged by the requirements—skilled in the manufacture of guns, only a handful of professional ordnance officers and few technical civilians expert in the art of making instruments of slaughter, no wonder Germany thought she could safely affect to despise America and consider her a negligible quantity for at least five years under the most favorable circumstances, but in all probability for ten.

For the last few years Americans have been talking about the wonderful efficiency of Germany and bemoaning their own inefficiency, reproaching themselves for not having patterned after German example. What it has taken Germany forty years to do, what for forty years has been the life of Germany, the one thought on which her people have centered, the idea around which all Germany has revolved, America will have done in two years. That may seem an exaggerated statement, but it is nevertheless true. A year hence the United States will, if necessary, have a larger army in the field than Germany had at the beginning of the war. A year hence the American Navy will be more powerful than that of Germany. A year hence the guns, ammunition and aeroplanes manufactured by the United States in the first two years of the war will exceed the material with which Germany entered the war. It is unfortunate that one must use generalities, as a few exact figures would be more convincing, but if there is one thing the Censor hates more than another, and he has a large and varied assortment of pet dislikes, it is mathematics. To the Censor inexactness is of all virtues the most blessed, and of all sins precision is the most deadly.

You have made your mistakes, as I have so often been told, and one of the greatest—and there you took us as your model—was a failure to understand that civilization no longer rides on a gun carriage but on the printing press, and

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that the moving force of the world is not steam or electricity or even gasolene, but publicity. In the next war—and it may seem somewhat premature to be considering the next war before we have finished the present one; and it may be a shock to those persons to hear reference made to the next war when they are certain this is the last of all wars—but in the next war one of the most important members of the War Cabinet will be the Secretary of Psychology and Publicity, and on the staff of every corps and division commander will be an officer of the corps of Psychology and Publicity, whose functions in winning the war will be no less important than those of the medical officer, the ordnance officer and the other members of the staff. You made the mistake, and for that our example is largely responsible, of concealing what you ought to have published broadcast, and scattering to the four winds of heaven that which never should have been breathed. We are so much alike, we English and Americans, that we have the same vice of telling ourselves—although we would just as soon not have anybody else tell us—what utter incompetents we are and what a race of doddering idiots we have become; but we don't consider it a vice, and cling to it as one of our most cherished virtues. We hide our achievements, but a thousand printing presses expose our failures. We camouflage success—we understand so little of the art of psychology and publicity that we always fear we may "convey information of military value to the enemy," a lovely phrase behind which more than one incompetent has found safety—but failure is revealed stark and naked for the edification of the enemy and our own humiliation. And we seem to think we are serving ourselves and putting strength in our cause by sitting in sackcloth and ashes and advertising that our garb is the hair shirt of incompetence.

Much of the discouragement and disappointment of the past year might have been spared, and there would have been little of the impression so generally prevalent that the Government's only successful quantity production was in piling up one colossal and inexcusable blunder on the other, had those in authority spoken when silence was folly; but Governments, even the Governments of Democracies, put up a bar between themselves and the people and have a foolish idea that it does not comport with the dignity of Government to deny what the press sees fit to print or to enlighten the press so that it may have understanding.

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A case in point is interesting. Some months ago a horrible discovery was made and promptly exploited. It was that the American troops in France had no heavy guns of American manufacture and were equipped by the British and French. To send troops to France without heavy guns was not only disgraceful but criminal, and the summary execution of the men responsible for this infamy would have been sanctioned by the public as the punishment fitting the crime. Now the facts are that the discovery was no surprise to the War Department and brought to it no feeling of shame, although intense regret. With the declaration of war last year the highly accomplished experts of the ordnance department, with the cold precision of science, reduced requirements and production to the passionless formula of pure mathematics and worked out an equation with X, the unknown quantity, eliminated. It would take so many days and weeks and months to build so many guns of a certain calibre, hence it was as certain as mathematics itself that by a prescribed date the ore still buried in the ground and the steel not yet molten would take the form of guns, and if military necessity demanded that troops must be in France before that date the guns would not be there. Incidentally, it may be added the British and French authorities said to the American Government what they needed were men, and if artillery was not then available they could furnish it without embarrassment; and incidentally it may also be added that the War Department's production of guns has been ahead and not behind its original schedule; but these things have been sedulously concealed from the public because the invaluable Secretary of Psychology and Publicity has not yet been nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

Both nations have the common quality of stubbornness, but it does not take the same form. We stubbornly cling to the mediæval tradition that the machine is perfect but the machinist is incompetent, which explains why we turn out Governments and our favorite indoor sport is rebuilding Cabinets. You, more sensibly, scrap the machine while keeping the man. Our attitude is that of the owner who discharges his chauffeur because he gets nothing out of his car except an unholy noise and a repair bill, and then proceeds to tinker afresh; when your car gurgles and gives up the ghost in the middle of the road you buy something bigger and better, to the delight of the owner no less than that of

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the chauffeur. Bigger and better, that is the keynote of American temperament and the principle on which it is conducting the war. The best is never too good for the American, and the best is only a qualified term; for the best, whatever it is, can always be made still better—which the precisian in language may dispute but the mechanic can always prove. That is why you are not content with somebody else's gun or motor, but must have your own, American made. The foreigner puts this down to conceit, the American belief in his own superiority; and the public, because it is the mutable many, mentally at the quick lunch counter, impatient and always in a hurry, chafes at delay and cannot understand why a "short order" takes so long. What the public does not know is that it often takes as long to prepare the plans and dig the foundation for a towering skyscraper as it does to erect the superstructure, but it has visible evidence of the growth of the superstructure, while the plans are Greek and the foundation is under ground.

It is not conceit that makes the American want the best, nor is it foolishness that makes him lose time at the beginning to gain it at the end. The Browning gun, we were told only a few months ago, was a beautiful gun on paper, but would never function at the front, but to-day American troops are using Brownings, which is also the equipment of American aeroplanes. The Liberty motor was said to be the most ingenious scheme ever devised for the enrichment of grafters and profiteers, and its only place in the war programme was the junk pile. Yet in the last week in May the thousandth Liberty motor was shipped by its manufacturers, and Liberty motors are not being made a few here and there but are being turned out in a constant stream in many factories, and England, France and Italy, who know what a good motor is, are glad to buy all that America can furnish.

It is not conceit or childish vanity that makes the American want the best or compels him to take what he knows is good and try to make it better. It is simply good business. In mechanics as in life itself there is no such word as finality: there is either stagnation or progress. The American goes about his task with a splendid optimism, determined to succeed, confident that in the end he must succeed no matter how often he encounters failure before the end is reached. In that spirit he is making war, quite conscious of his early mistakes but not in the least dismayed by them, turning them

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to his own advantage and out of them making a profit. No other country, I venture to say, has done so much in a year as has the United States. No other country, I feel safe in making the prediction, will do so much in the next year as will the United States.

A great change has come over the spirit of the American people in the last few months, a change perhaps more apparent to the foreigner than to Americans themselves. There was a time when the war was not your war but a war to help Britain or to save France. Now it is your war fought in your own defense, your war in which your own fate is involved. The meaning of the war has been brought home to every American; it is because he understands what this war means, that defeat is destruction, that his fighting strength is behind it; that every man (and every woman too) is giving, giving himself if he can give no more, giving of his substance as well if fortune has blessed him. We have seen the generous response to the appeal of the Red Cross, to scores of other appeals to ameliorate suffering and distress. It is the new spirit of America born of the war: the spirit of sacrifice and responsibility and helpfulness. We have heard much of profiteering as if it was a modern development of war, but the profiteer seems the inevitable parasite of war.

Recently I asked a prominent British military officer, who has seen hard service at the front and is familiar with the business of military supply, if he was satisfied with what America is doing. "America," he said, "is one vast factory for the production of men and munitions and ships, and they are being turned out. Men and munitions and ships—God! how America is working for the everlasting smashing of the Hun!" Men and munitions and ships. That is America as an Englishman sees it.

A. Maurice Low.

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GERMANY'S CENSORSHIP AND NEWS CONTROL

BY JAMES G. RANDALL

WHEN the Prussian rulers of Germany broke the peace in 1914 an intellectual mobilization accompanied the assembling of the army. To maintain unity of purpose in an attack upon free-minded foes who refused to accept domination, the Government claimed at once the power of veto and the power of initiative in all that pertained to ideas. On the pretext of preventing the leakage of military information, a censorship was established which has been constantly employed for the suppression of opinion and the stifling of political criticism. It has shown itself to be the worst kind of censorship possible, for it is a military censorship in the sense of being administered by military authorities, but it extends far beyond the military sphere and covers every branch of the national life. By her domination of the press Germany has attempted to crystallize the thought of her people and to isolate them from foreign opinion. A sort of intellectual Chinese wall has been built up to keep out the currents of world-thought, while all the internal channels are brought within governmental control.

At the outset of the war the necessary steps for a vigorous policy of news control were taken by the Government. Constitutional limitations offered no embarrassment, for the imperial constitution gives the power to the Kaiser, whenever the public safety requires it, to place the empire under martial law, which automatically subjects all civil matters to the control of the military authorities. Immediately upon the establishment of martial law, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mark Brandenburg declared that five articles of the Prussian constitutional charter were suspended, that full power was thus transmitted to himself, and that the civil magistrates

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were to perform their duties under his orders and instructions. By such proclamations, issued in the off-hand manner of military chieftains, a sufficient legal basis was afforded for the summary treatment of newspapers. In a proclamation of the Imperial Chancellor, July 31, 1914, a long list of "*verboten*" subjects was indicated, and on the following day General von Kessell, Commander-in-Chief of the Mark, received representatives of the press, not to consult with them, but to inform them of the limits under which they would be permitted to operate their papers.

The whole press of Germany was thus placed under military control, and has remained so during the war. Editors receive instructions every few days from the military commanders of their districts as to what their sheets may or may not contain. Some fine day an editor may arrive at his office to find a brief official notice of the suppression of his paper—merely a printed form on which is filled in the title of the publication and the period of suspension, the commander's name being affixed with a rubber stamp. At the news-stands one finds a poster stating that the publication of the paper has been suspended by military authority. There has been no warning, no hearing, no explanation even of the reason for the suspension. Under martial law explanations and hearings are not in order. Newspapers that prove too daring are dealt with more severely. The editor may be imprisoned or inducted into the auxiliary service, the establishment may be confiscated and silenced for the remainder of the war, or the paper may be subjected to a "preventive censorship" which requires that the copy for all political articles must be submitted to the censor before publication.

The various governmental agencies for publicity have been organized with typical German thoroughness. The publicity departments of the General Staff, the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office have issued official bulletins throughout the war, and the elaborate War Press Bureau has been constantly active, supplying journals with material whose publication or reprinting is officially desired. More recently the scale of governmental publicity has been greatly enlarged, and the "Imperial Official Press Service" in charge of the "Press Chief of the Imperial Chancellor" has been organized, by which every bureau of the Central Imperial Government has its press institution in close permanent touch with the management. In this way the Government may at any

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moment exercise an authoritative influence over the manner in which the motives of imperial policy are explained to the public.

A much closer relationship exists between the German Government and the leading newspapers than is the case in other countries. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* acts as a purely official organ of the Government. It makes no appeal to the general public and has a limited circulation chiefly among journalists and politicians. A semi-official character attaches to the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger*, which was purchased by a syndicate, including a Krupp director, on the understanding that its columns should always be open to the Government. It is usually the official voice that speaks through the *Kölnische Zeitung*, particularly with regard to foreign policy. Certain powerful journals are controlled by the big armament firm, as for instance the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* and the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, which are Krupp organs. The great telegraph agency of Germany, the Wolff Bureau, which answers to our Associated Press, is in the full sense an instrument of the Government, and the news it issues always undergoes a sifting and doctoring process.

In theory the censorship has been supposedly limited to military matters, but its actual operation has been such as to stifle political criticism as well. For instance, all discussion of the future constitution of Alsace-Lorraine is under the ban; no mention must be made of conditions of pay and work in Government munition plants; labor disturbances must not be referred to, and severe conditions of living in Germany or in occupied territory are not to be reported. No information must leak out regarding violence and unrest in Bohemia and East Prussia, conscription into the industrial or "national auxiliary service" must not be discussed, and under no circumstances is the "High Command" (*i. e.*, Hindenburg) to be introduced into the discussion of political questions. Most unfortunately the treatment of peace offers and war aims from a liberal standpoint has been stifled, and those who favor a peace of understanding have been branded as traitors.

Not only written opinion, but spoken opinion as well, if it be of a liberal sort, is suppressed. The military governor of Strassburg did not permit the diet of Alsace-Lorraine to meet till he was assured that it would not "talk

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politics." A legislature that must not talk politics! It should be tagged and exhibited as a finished product of militarism. Reports of speeches in the Reichstag are mutilated by the censor so that their true character is effaced, and the people may not learn exactly what is said in their imperial parliament. Yet one of the provisions of the constitution (when it is not suspended) is that correct reports of the Reichstag meetings should be published. It is the custom in Germany that the parliamentary deputies shall present to their constituencies reports of the Reichstag's activities, and in this connection render, so to speak, an account of their stewardship; but last summer one of the members was prevented from making a report of the August session of that body. A deputy in Brunswick was required to submit the manuscript of a public speech to the censor, and then forbidden to mention that this had been done. Frequent complaints have been made that the right of assembly has been suspended, and that the right of association has been denied to certain groups inclined to "talk politics" in a way that might prove embarrassing.

One of the most unpopular features of the censorship was its application to the matter of a separate peace with Russia. In spite of the Reichstag's resolution in opposition to a separate peace, wireless telegrams were repeatedly sent in the summer of 1917 offering peace to Russia, but Kerensky indignantly rejected these offers. So rigid was the censorship on this point that the German people knew nothing of this at the time and they found it out long afterwards only by indirect methods when the enemy and neutral press was full of the matter. This tricking of the German public created profound dissatisfaction.

Besides the suppression of undesirable news, there is another function of news-control which the Germans employ—the forced publication of official material and "inspired" articles. The editors are not only told what to omit, but they are directed as to what attitude to take on certain questions, what interpretations to place on events in the international field, what articles are to be reproduced from other papers, and what kind of "comments" are to be made on given topics. A certain kind of news is standardized and actively disseminated, and this positive side of news-control is even more important, perhaps, than the censorship itself. Editors have had their material in many cases supplied ready

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for use and have been forced to give it space. Papers have been required to reprint articles from the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and from Reventlow's jingo sheet, the *Tagliche Rundschau,* without being permitted to state the source of these articles. The Wolff Bureau's interpretation of certain discussions in the Austrian lower chamber in June, 1917, were adopted as standard and the papers were instructed to treat these discussions " in no other light." The people were to have only one version of the Jutland " victory," of the actual results of Zeppelin raids, of the reasons for continuing martial law, of the " voluntary " Belgian deportations, of the " strategic " retirement on the Western front, of the continued severity of the Allies' blockade, and of other points equally difficult of explanation. Such poor team-work as occurred early in the war, when two versions were given out as to why Rheims cathedral was shelled, is to be avoided so far as official standardization of news can accomplish the result.

In addition to the censoring and inspiring of matter designed for the press, the Germans do not neglect a third function—namely, the " doctoring " of news. Dispatches from abroad are published only after they have undergone a process of " editing " which may take the form of the elimination of significant passages, of unfair translation, or of explanatory comment. In the case of President Wilson's war address of April 2, 1917, more than half of the text, by an actual counting of the lines, was omitted in the Wolff Bureau's version. The convincing recital of the causes which provoked us to war was curtailed and distorted, while the denunciation of Germany's system of intrigue, with the reference to the Mexican note, was dropped. The declaration that " the world must be made safe for democracy " was deleted and the passage disclaiming any desire to seek selfish compensation for America's sacrifices was struck out. The blue pencil was also run through the expressions of friendship for the German people and the eloquent statement of what we are fighting for: right that is more precious than peace, democracy, the principle of self-government, the liberties of small nations, and a universal dominion of right by a concert of free peoples. An unwilling testimony has been added to the potency of the President's burning words, for the German official news-makers did not dare to let their own people read the full text of the message. The same may

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be said in general of the President's note to the Pope, the German versions of which were misleading in many respects.

Even worse than "doctoring" is the downright fabrication of news. In his *Belgium Under the German Eagle,* Jean Massart tells of how photographs taken in Brussels were used to illustrate the German entry into Antwerp. The reported capture of this city "with its army" was wholly false, as he shows, for the invaders merely seized an empty nest. When a German dirigible was wrecked in landing on the Belgian coast, the damaged machine was made to do service as "a captured French airship." A view of German sailors around one of their own guns was published with the title "Belgian gun, captured and served by German sailors on the coast of the Channel." Assassinated Belgian priests have been referred to as "fallen in battle." When the French were pushing forward in the Chemin-des-Dames sector, the German versions of French official reports were so doctored as to conceal entirely the capture of certain sections of the Hindenburg line, and newspaper headlines were telling of "French Defeat in Gigantic Onslaughts." To open the way for "retaliation" by illegal war methods, the German papers have falsely charged the enemy with carrying military aviators on hospital ships, and misusing the Red-Cross flag. Secretary Baker's figures for the American Army have been distorted in the German press, and non-existent strike riots in England have been described.

The Germans even extend this campaign of "Pan-Munchausenism" (as an American editor aptly put it) to their own troops. Captured German soldiers, supplied only with official news, have disclosed the most fantastic ideas. Even as late as November, 1914, German troops in Belgium were led to believe they were in the vicinity of Paris. One of the soldiers near Roulers in Flanders, having understood that he was within eight miles of Paris, asked to be shown a place from which he might see the Eiffel Tower. News of different sorts is served on different fronts. Two sets of what purported to be the same edition of the *General Anzeiger* of Düsseldorf were prepared with identical dates and serial numbering, but one was intended for circulation in occupied Russia and the other in Belgium, the news matter varying according to the audience. Such tactics, according to the German theory, would hearten the troops, improve their morale, and develop a "will to victory."

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It is a matter of interest to notice German quotations from the enemy press. Only those things seem to be copied which the Germans like to believe. From American papers they seize items which "prove" that Washington's war policy is half-hearted, that the country is in the grip of the I. W. W., that strikes are everywhere impeding Government work, and that the Hearst propaganda is undermining the American morale. The alleged report of an American military commission testifying to the invincibility of the German position in the West is eagerly copied, and La Follette's "disclosures" are represented as seriously embarrassing the Administration. German editors like to clip items about the Sinn Fein agitation and the immense number of troops that England must send to Ireland. Naturally enough they welcome indications of dissension among their foes, but in attempting to prove this they resort to the most far-fetched selection and the most unscrupulous perversion. The complaints of a United States Senator regarding financial contributions to the Allies, the alarm of France because of England's designs upon Calais, Portugal's uneasiness at British ambitions in Africa, the "inevitable" clash between Japan and England over Chinese problems, and the coming rivalry between the greatly enlarged merchant marine of the United States and that of England—these and similar items are given a wholly unmerited emphasis. In some cases if such reports were traced to their source they would be found to have originated in German propaganda. The German public, reading propaganda items planted in enemy papers and reprinted in their own, can secure only the most grossly distorted notion of Entente opinion.

A serious charge against the censorship is its one-sided character. While moderate peace advocates are suppressed, a free hand is given to the Pan-Germans to publish what they will. With an arrogant monopoly of patriotism, these men who rave at the "eternal peace twaddle," who refer to the Reichstag as "an idiot asylum," and denounce the whole parliamentary system, have organized what they call the "Fatherland party," claiming for themselves alone the right to say what is German and what is patriotic (*vaterländisch*). Germany is supposed to be under a party truce (*Burgfrieden*) during the war, and the army is supposed to have no politics, but Government buildings are used as headquarters for the Fatherland party, and officers carry on an active

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recruiting for the party among the soldiers, forcing the men to attend Pan-German meetings and to make contributions out of their miserable 53 pfennigs a day. Circulars are sent around among civil service employees asking them to join the Fatherland party, and the risks of refusal are so well known that the unfortunate subordinates have no choice but to join. But while all the paths of publicity among the soldiers are open to these men, the liberals are shut out. A circular, for instance, from the Social Democrats of Greater Berlin to the soldier-readers of *Vorwärts* was prohibited, and no socialistic propaganda whatever may be carried on among the troops.

It must not be supposed that the German people meekly submit to the censorship. Indeed, one finds in many quarters a lively opposition. Maximilian Harden has emphatically denounced a system whose underlying idea is to show the enemy that sixty-seven million human beings think exactly alike on all questions, big and little. In the Reichstag debate in 1916 regarding the abolition of the censorship, the discontent of the Social Democrats and other liberals was emphatically voiced, and a plea was made for the fulfillment of the fine promises made by the Emperor and Chancellor at the outset of the war regarding liberty and equality of rights. At that time the solemn assurance was given that the régime of martial law would be terminated as soon as mobilization was completed, but the promise has been forgotten while the military commanders have usurped more and more powers. It was complained in the Reichstag that the censorship had encroached upon all possible topics, and the withdrawal of the censoring function from military hands as well as the abolition of martial law was demanded.

Unfortunately this Reichstag attack produced no result. At various times the matter has been further agitated, and in August, 1917, a resolution was passed in the Main Committee calling for a radical alteration in the Government's policy of news-control. The military censorship based upon martial law was to be restricted to purely military matters and was not to extend to war and peace aims, to constitutional questions, nor to internal politics. The suppression of newspapers and periodicals was to take place only when military enterprises were endangered, and then only with the consent of the Chancellor and after the publisher had been heard. This resolution, though expressive of the sentiment

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of the majority, never became law, and is significant chiefly as indicating how far the system is in need of reform.

One of the results of the censorship is the dissemination within Germany of a very considerable body of clandestine literature. Many "*verboten*" books and pamphlets have been distributed widely along hidden paths, and this secret propaganda has on occasion produced radical outbreaks as in the case of the January strikes in Berlin and elsewhere. Perhaps the most daring form of underground agitation is that of the German revolutionists whose publications are printed in Switzerland and smuggled in all sorts of curious ways (as for instance in sausages and cigarettes) into Germany. Their colors are the yellow, red and black of "1848," though it is illegal even in peace times to wear these colors or show the republican flag. In their secret pamphlets and their remarkable organ, *Die Freie Zeitung,* published at Berne, they declare for the overthrow of the imperialistic war lords, including the Hohenzollern rulers, and for the establishment of a German republic. The Entente, they say, is not fighting the German people, and would readily make peace with a German republic under a leadership which would repudiate the acts of those war fiends who have outraged the world with their crimes and have for almost four years demonstrated their inability to quench the conflagration which they have kindled. In spite of the campaign of persecution which has been carried on against this organization with the aid of the Swiss police (who are by no means anti-German), its ingenious activities continue and the gospel of a coming revolution undoubtedly finds many willing ears.

The best example of clandestine journalism in opposition to a savagely repressive government is to be found in Belgium. When the detested German government of occupation suppressed all existing Belgian journals, excluded foreign papers, and proceeded to restrict the news-readers of Belgium to German papers and those so-called Belgian sheets which were absolutely under German control, the Belgians resorted to clever secret methods of news propagation. Foreign papers and genuine Belgian journals which had moved to France or England were smuggled in, and important passages were copied on typewritten sheets which circulated by underground routes. In certain establishments the use of a newspaper for ten minutes could be secured for one or two francs. Besides this, a vigorous clandestine press in

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Belgium has grown up. Of these secret journals the most interesting and defiant is *La Libre Belgique.* No one knows where it is published. Its habitat is fantastically referred to as *" une cave automobile "*—a sort of migratory cellar—and its telegraph address is ironically given as " The Governorship, Brussels." There is no definite price and no regular time of issue, but an average of three or four editions a month has been maintained. Not even the carriers of the paper know where it is published, and the German authorities have been entirely baffled in their elaborate attempts to locate the offenders, partly because anonymous letters have sent them chasing false scents. The late General von Bissing would always find two copies of each issue on his desk and one of the issues prominently pictured the Governor-General with his " favorite paper," *La Libre Belgique,* in his hands. The Belgians enjoy it, and all the copies are carefully treasured. Besides this, many secret pamphlets have been distributed in Belgium, and their circulation has been sufficiently wide to nullify the effects of the German propaganda with which that unfortunate country has been flooded.

Another side to Germany's news system is what might be called its foreign policy—the attack upon neutral and enemy opinion. Laborious methods are used to discredit the enemy's official reports. Before the commencement of the Somme offensive (which they foresaw) in 1916, the Germans circulated exaggerated reports regarding the " great successes " of the Allied armies, so that the people would discover the falsity of these rumors, and fail later to believe the genuine reports. German wireless operators sent out on the night of June 27, 1916, messages which purported to emanate from Allied stations announcing the " taking of Lille," the " capture of St. Quentin," " Constantinople in flames " and other such interesting developments. These messages began: "Attention! French wireless station—the following is the latest news!" Because of this clumsy wording and the tone of the waves, the Allies had no difficulty in determining that the reports emanated from German stations. At various times the Germans transmit false items to the neutral press with the prefix " via London " or " via Paris " in order to convey the idea that the reports have been passed upon by the Allied censors and are admitted as correct. They publish in neutral papers inspired articles purporting to come from official sources in one of the Allied capitals concerning such

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a point, for instance, as the capture of a position held by the Germans. This is then followed by a "denial" with full references to German papers, and newspaper men are even in some cases sent out to confirm the "untruthfulness" of the enemy's statement.

The world is painfully familiar with the enormous expenditure of energy and money in the German onslaught upon neutral sentiment. Every neutral country of Europe has its German news service, and a crop of German newspapers. The Wolff Bureau has its sub-agencies in neutral towns, and the Overseas Agency of Berlin sends out daily wireless messages of various wave-lengths to be picked up at different stations, furnishes many special feature articles, and conducts an intelligence section employing correspondents all over the world. In Switzerland the *Neue Zürcher Nachrichten* sows the seed of German propaganda, while for Holland this service is performed by the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant.* There is a special bureau (under the control of the German Foreign Office) for furnishing news to Portugal and Spain. German newspapers are dotted thickly over Central and South America, and the Far East has not been neglected.

Neutral correspondents, after a careful testing, are escorted upon personally conducted tours to prison camps or sections of the front where Germany is conspicuously successful, and, if sufficiently deaf and blind about things they are not supposed to hear and see, they are permitted to send home censored dispatches. Though these correspondents find it hard to get what they want, they are flooded with literature written in German by Germans.

Tons of pamphlets are thrust upon neutral readers, and the journals of Germany are lavishly distributed, either gratis or at special prices, often with significant passages marked. Many of the German papers have special foreign editions, as for instance *Die Welt im Bilde,* an illustrated edition in seven languages issued by the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt.* Stereotypes made in Germany are furnished to Dutch newspapers, and a German organization exists for supplying without cost the articles of leading journals translated into Dutch. The departments of the German government of occupation in Belgium are in correspondence with Dutch journalists, and thus a great amount of news unfavorable to Belgium is made to originate in Belgium itself.

All this press "copy" for neutral countries is obviously

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propaganda. The public is constantly informed of the great deeds of the Germans, the excellent conditions prevailing in the country, and the invincibility of the German army. Such topics as the Entente's responsibility for the war and alleged atrocities perpetrated by the Entente countries are favorite themes. America's " hunger war " against Holland is vigorously denounced. Actual observers are made to report that conditions in Belgium are practically normal and that the suffering has been greatly exaggerated. Prussia's new arrangements for Poland are enthusiastically praised by " impartial " observers, and Austria's " beneficent " administration of subject nations is eulogized.

If its total results were reckoned and objectively judged, Germany's political censorship would be found to constitute in the long run a national liability rather than an asset. The attempt to suffocate opinion has undermined confidence in the Government and embittered the liberal element. Journalistic enterprise has been seriously hurt on the business side and has suffered a loss of prestige as well, for so ready a response to governmental pressure has done much to justify Bismarck's uncomplimentary reference to the " reptile press." Radical views have not been supplanted with all the censor's strictness, but a worldwide circulation has been given to those daring utterances which have produced governmental irritation—utterances which without the censorship would have enjoyed only a limited audience. Independent opinion has been perverted into defiant agitation, and has endangered German unity. The immense advantage in international understanding which arises from a genuine expression of popular opinion has been denied Germany, while the voice of the Government awakens only distrust abroad. As Harden put it: " Right and left the foe is listening, but nowhere can he detect the voice of the German people. Could he but hear it, we should be near to peace."

In like manner the enormous external propaganda will ultimately fail to net Germany any advantage. One can read the failure of this intellectual campaign in the revulsion of neutral feeling towards Germany's war methods, in the universal sympathy with the outraged Belgian people, in the growing neutral demand for real news untouched by a German bias, and in the lengthening roll of Germany's enemies.

JAMES G. RANDALL.

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UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF MME. DE STAËL WITH THOMAS JEFFERSON

INTRODUCTION BY MARIE G. KIMBALL

Among the neglected papers in the folders of uncatalogued manuscripts of Thomas Jefferson are several letters of Madame de Staël to Jefferson, which, when their almost illegible French has been deciphered, prove of exceptional interest in relation to events of the present. These letters, among papers so long lost and but recently rediscovered, have never been translated or published, and thus come to us as a fresh pronouncement at the moment when their relevance is greatest. Jefferson's replies have also been preserved in the Library of Congress, and, although certain of them have been published in his works, the finding of the other half of the correspondence throws a new light even on the letters already printed, and the unity and importance of the whole series now become apparent.

The discussion turns on the Napoleonic Wars, the struggle for commercial supremacy on the ocean, the freedom of the seas, the intervention of America in European affairs, and the efforts of the South American countries to attain independence. Through all the varied subjects, however, runs as a fundamental note a passionate belief in human liberty on the part of both correspondents. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the counsellor of the Moderates in the French Revolution, and the champion of freedom in politics, religion and education, was equalled in his devotion to the cause he had at heart by the daughter of Necker, the steadfast opponent of Napoleon, the apostle of liberty for oppressed nationalities and of freedom in literature and art. As a unique interchange of ideas between two of the foremost minds of the time, these letters have seldom been equalled. The striking analogies between sit-

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uations a hundred years ago and those of today, with similarities and differences in the position of the various contestants, will immediately suggest themselves to everyone.

The first two letters are necessarily introductory, as the friendship had lapsed for nearly twenty years. Later ones, beside their main subject, clear up some long disputed questions. Thus the charge that Madame de Staël made overtures to Bonaparte on his return from Elba is controverted by a passionate denial of which the sincerity can scarcely be doubted. The letters furnish also remarkable examples of Jefferson's gift of political prophecy, exemplified not only in regard to Napoleon, but also in regard to conditions in Mexico.

Mme. de Staël to Jefferson

April 25, 1807.

A gentleman, M. Ray, as much esteemed as anyone in either hemisphere, gives me opportunity, Sir, to offer you a testimony of my interest and respect. These sentiments have suffered no change in the few free and liberal minds remaining in France. Your name is sacred here and if it is not mentioned in the market place there is nowhere else that it is not repeated. Although, indeed, it is spoken softly, it is also softly that conscience speaks.

I am going to Coppet. Residence in Paris has been forbidden me, but now and then I shall see those people who care for you more intimately than the rest of the world which honours and admires you—the world, at least, which thinks and judges according to reflection and truth.

When shall we see each other again? I expect my son will go to America next year—perhaps we shall all go. If this Old World has room for but one single man, what should we do there? The events of this summer will be decisive, at least in the judgment of men, but He who disposes of all things will perhaps reserve to Himself the ultimate decision in this great struggle between might and right.

Adieu, Sir. Remember me to her who has the honour of solacing your life, and who performs this noble task so well. I remember her as more brilliant than all the grand dames of this old world.

It is long ago that I lost my father, of whom you were so fond. Father, country, everything is over for me—my country would reawaken if you were to return to it. I hope God will reunite me with my father.

Adieu, Sir. Permit me the honour of sending you something I have written. You would find your name there in some fashion if there were merely difficulties in the way. Impossibility alone prevents.

Accept my respectful tributes

N. dS.

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Jefferson to Mme. de Staël

Washington, July 16, 1807.

Mme. de Staël de Holstein:

I have received, Madam, the letter which you have done me the favor to write from Paris on the 24th of April, and M. le Ray de Chaumont informs me that the book you were so kind as to confide to him, not having reached Nantes when he sailed, will come by the first vessel from that port to this country. I shall read with great pleasure whatever comes from your pen, having known its powers when I was in a situation to judge, nearer at hand, the talents which directed it.

Since then, Madam, wonderful are the scenes which have past! Whether for the happiness of posterity must be left to their judgment. Even of their effect on those now living, we, at this distance, undertake not to decide. Unmeddling with the affairs of other nations, we presume not to prescribe or censure their course. Happy, could we be permitted to pursue our own in peace, and to employ all our means in improving the condition of our citizens. Whether this will be permitted, is more doubtful now than at any preceding time. We have borne patiently a great deal of wrong, on the consideration that if nations go to war for every degree of injury, there would never be peace on earth. But when patience has begotten false estimates of its motives, when wrongs are pressed because it is believed they will be borne, resistance becomes morality.

The grandson of Mr. Necker cannot fail of a hearty welcome in a country which so much respected him. To myself, who loved the virtues, honored the great talents of the grandfather, the attentions I received in his natal house and particular esteem for yourself, are additional titles to whatever service I can render him . . . He will find a sincere welcome at Monticello, where I shall then be in the bosom of my family, occupied with my books and my farms, and enjoying under the government of a successor, the freedom and tranquillity which I have endeavored to secure for others.

Accept the homage of my respectful salutations, and assurances of great esteem and consideration.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Mme. de Staël to Jefferson

November 10, 1812.
Stockholm

I have finally escaped, my dear Sir, from the yoke which weighs so heavily upon half of Europe and I can reply freely to the letter which you did me the honour of sending by M. le Ray de Chaumont. Present events induce me to write you my thoughts and I hope you will receive them with a friendliness as great as the sincerity which inspires them.

I do not profess to be acquainted with the circumstances which have given rise to the differences between America and England, I make bold to present the question to you in a broader way. You witnessed the first days of the French Revolution and I recall that, at my father's house, you told the exaggerated radicals that their

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demagogic principles would lead to despotism in France. Your predictions have been fulfilled. Europe and the human race are bent under the will of a single man who wished to establish a universal monarchy. Already Germany, Italy, Holland and Denmark are provinces of France. Free governments are what Emperor Napoleon hates especially. He makes use of you now against England, but when he hoped to conclude a treacherous peace with England you surely know that he proposed to aid her in making the United States an appanage of an English prince, a plan which she rejected with the greatest disdain.

If by a misfortune which would plunge all the world into mourning, England were to be subjected and her navy were to fall into the hands of the conqueror of the earth, it is against you that he would turn, for your principles are most in the world opposed to his and he would wish to efface from the very pages of history the time when men were not subjected to the despotism of one man. Your old friends M. de la Fayette and M. de Sully would speak just as I do were they once more permitted to break silence.

You tell me that America has nothing to do with the continent of Europe. Has she nothing to do with the human race? Can you be indifferent to the cause of free nations, you the most republican of all? Are you indifferent to the cause of thinking men, you, my dear Sir, who are placed in the very first rank of them? If you were to pass three months in France your generous blood would boil in your veins and you could not bear to serve Napoleon's projects, even though believing it for the good of your country.

For ten years England has been the sole barrier against this singular despotism, which unites all the means barbarism and civilization can furnish to debase humanity. When a nation of twelve million souls is obliged to struggle against one hundred millions coerced by one man, is it astonishing that certain abuses creep into the means it is obliged to employ in order to resist?

All your old friends in Europe, all those who thought as you did when you upheld the independence of America, expect you to put an end to a war which seems to them a civil war, for free people are all of the same family.—Yes, the greatest misfortune which could come to the American people in the present war would be to do real damage to their enemies, for then the English would no longer be in a condition to serve you as a bulwark against the despotism of the Emperor of France, or rather of Europe. When he shall have overthrown the liberty of England it will be yours that he will next attack. The Emperor, so versed in the art of dissimulation, does not even conceal his resolution of destroying every nation which desires to be independent. It is thus impossible to be in doubt as to the intention of this man who is even more remarkable as a system than as a character, and this system is made up of all the most unphilosophical ideas which have ever oppressed the world.

Pardon me, my dear Sir, for having ventured to speak to you with so much frankness. I can view without suffering the names of German princes on the lists of the allies of despotism, but the name of Jefferson in such company—it is this which troubles the friends of liberty, and

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you will perhaps end by yourself discouraging the political belief which you have all your life so bravely professed.

Reply to me, my dear Sir, in care of your consul in Sweden, M. Yseyer, and tell me above all that you are not displeased with me for having presumed to address you as you would have addressed my father were he, whose spirit was as devoted to order as to liberty, still on this earth.

Adieu, adieu. God bless you and deliver Europe.

Farewell
NECKER DE
STAEL HOLSTEIN

Jefferson to Mme. de Staël

United States of America, May 28, 1813.

Madame la Baronne de Staël-Holstein:

I received with great pleasure, my dear Madam and friend, your letter of Nov. 10, from Stockholm and am sincerely gratified by the occasion it gives me of expressing to you the sentiments of high respect and esteem which I entertain for you. It recalls to my remembrance a happy portion of my life passed in your native city, then the seat of the most amiable and polished society in the world, and of which yourself and your venerable father were such distinguished members. But of what scenes has it since been the theatre, and with what havoc has it overspread the earth! Robespierre met the fate, and his memory the execration, he so justly merited. The rich were his victims and perished by thousands. It is by millions that Bonaparte destroys the poor, and he is eulogized and defied by the sycophants even of science. These merit more than the mere oblivion to which they will be consigned; and the day will come when a just posterity will give to their hero the only pre-eminence he has earned, that of having been the greatest of the destroyers of the human race. . .

To complete and universalize the desolation of the globe, it has been the will of Providence to raise up at the same time a tyrant as unprincipled and overwhelming for the ocean. Not in the poor maniac George but in his Government and Nation. Bonaparte will die and his tyrannies with him, but a Nation never dies. The English Government and its pyratical principles and practice have no fixed term of duration. Europe feels, and is writhing under the scorching whips of Bonaparte; we are assailed by those of England. . . . We concluded that the war she had for years been waging against us might as well become a war on both sides . . . and we now make full reprisals where before we made none. England is, in principle, the enemy of all maritime nations as Bonaparte is of the continental; and I place in the same line of insult to the human understanding the pretension of conquering the ocean, to establish Continental rights, as that of conquering the continent to restore maritime rights. No, my dear Madam, the object of England is *the permanent dominion of the ocean,* and the *monopoly of the trade of the world.* To secure this she must keep a larger fleet than her resources will maintain. The resources of other nations must then be impressed to supply the deficiency of her own. This is sufficiently developed and evidenced by her successive strides towards the usurpation

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of the sea. . . . Finally, that her views may no longer rest on inference, in a recent debate, her minister has declared in open parliament that the object of the present war is a *monopoly of commerce*.

In some of these atrocities France has kept pace with her fully in speculative wrong which her impotence only shortened in practical execution. This was called retaliation by both; each charging the other with the initiation of the outrage. As if two combatants might retaliate on an innocent bystander, the blows they received from each other. To make war on both would have been ridiculous. In order, therefore, to single out an enemy, we offered to both that if either would revoke its hostile decrees, and the other should refuse, we would interdict all intercourse whatever with that other; which would be war of course, as being an avowed departure from neutrality. France accepted the offer and revoked her decrees as to us. England . . . refused. . . . We thereon declared war, and with abundant additional cause. . . . The sword . . . can never again be sheathed, until the personal safety of an American on the ocean, among the most important and most vital of the rights we possess, is completely provided for. . . .

England has misrepresented to all Europe this ground of the war. . . . She has pretended we have entered into the war to establish the principle of " free bottom, free goods," or to protect her seamen against her own rights over them. We contend for neither of these. She pretends we are partial to France, that we have observed a fraudulent and unfaithful neutrality between her and her enemy. She knows this to be false, and that if there has been any irregularity in our proceedings towards the belligerents it has been in her favor. Her ministers are in possession of full proof of this. . . .

Shall I apologize to you, my dear Madam, for this long political letter? But yours justifies the subject, and my feelings must plead for the unreserved expression of them; and they have been the less reserved, as being from a private citizen, retired from all connection with the government of his country, and whose ideas, expressed without communication with anyone, are neither known nor imputable to them.

The dangers of the sea are now so great and the possibilities of interception by sea and land such that I shall subscribe no name to this letter. You will know from whom it comes by its reference to the date of time and place of yours, as well as by its subject in answer to that. This omission must not lessen in your view the assurance of my great esteem, of my sincere sympathies for the share which you bear in the afflictions of your country, and the deprivations to which a lawless will has subjected you. . . . That you may long live in health and happiness . . . and leave to the world a well educated and virtuous representative and descendant of your honored father, is the ardent prayer of the sincere and respectful friend who writes this letter.

Jefferson to Mme. de Staël

Monticello in Virginia, July 3, 1815.

Madame la Baronne de Staël-Holstein:

Dear Madam:

I considered your letter of Nov. 10, 1812, as an evidence of the interest you were so kind to take in the welfare of the United States,

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and I was even flattered by your exhortation to avoid taking any part in the war then raging in Europe, because they were a confirmation of the policy I had myself pursued, and which I thought and still think should be the governing canon of our republic. Distance, and difference of pursuits, of interests, of connections, and other circumstances prescribe to us a different system, having no object in common with Europe but a peaceable interchange of mutual comforts for mutual wants. But this may not always depend on ourselves; and injuries may be so accumulated by a European power as to pass all bounds of wise forbearance. This was our situation at the date of your letter. A long course of injuries systematically pursued by England, and finally, formal declarations that she would neither redress nor discontinue their infliction, had fixed the epoch which rendered an appeal to arms unavoidable. In the letter of May 28, 1813, which I had the honor of writing to you, I entered into such details of these injuries and of our unremitting endeavors to bring them to a peaceable end, as the narrow limits of a letter permitted.

I learned with great pleasure of your return to your native country. It is the only one which offers elements of society analogous to the powers of your mind, and sensible of the flattering distinction of possessing them. It is true that the great events which made an opening for your return have been reversed. But not so, I hope, the circumstances which may admit its continuance. On these events I shall say nothing. At our distance we hear too little truth and too much falsehood to form correct judgments concerning them; and they are moreover foreign to our umpirage. We wish the happiness and prosperity of every nation; we did not believe either of these promoted by the former pursuits of the present ruler of France, and hope that his return, if the nation wills it to be permanent, may be marked by those changes which the solid good of his own country, and the peace and well-being of the world, may call for.

But these things I leave to whom they belong; the object of this letter being only to convey to you a vindication of my own country, and to have the honor of a new occasion of tendering you the homage of my great consideration and respectful attachment.

TH. JEFFERSON.

(Political pamphlet enclosed.)

Mme. de Staël to Jefferson

Pisa, January 6, 1816.

My dear Sir:

I do not exaggerate my sentiments toward you when I tell you that the letter you were so good as to send me when in Sweden is locked in an iron box with my father's last will and testament. I often read it over, the splendid prophecy of the overthrow of Bonaparte by the spirit of liberty—at this moment when our poor Europe no longer hears anything which resembles this. The greatest evil which Bonaparte inflicted on the world was so to have confused tyranny with liberty that people profess to be liberal while re-establishing the old despotism. I can hardly believe in its continuing, nevertheless, but as I was nineteen years old twenty-six years ago, in 1789, I begin to fear

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that I shall not live long enough to see the statue of my father in the Hôtel de Ville. It can only be placed there in the day when a true representative government shall be recognized as the shield and glory of France.

Everywhere people are resurrecting superstitions that no one can now believe. Thus Dom Pedro of Portugal has had Inez de Castro exhumed, to crown her after her death.

I do not know whether the papers have told you that I had upheld the cause of your America against a very noble adversary, the Duke of Wellington. If you should succeed in destroying slavery in the south there would be at least one government in the world as perfect as the human mind can conceive.

I was in Italy when your letter of July reached me. I fled France the moment Bonaparte disembarked there. Nothing could induce me to have dealings with him. I cannot yet make up my mind to return to France while foreigners are masters of it. Meanwhile it is to Paris, care of M. de Lessen, that I beg you to address me a letter, if you still think me worthy of one.

Yesterday I was at Leghorn to salute you across the sea. It seemed to me as though I could hear you over the waves.

My son still has in mind to visit you. It is a pilgrimage to reason and liberty which he wishes to make and you shall be the recipient of the first offerings. He is a grandson worthy of M. Necker. My daughter, he and I, all hold him as our patron saint on earth.

My daughter, who is eighteen years old, is going to be married to the Duke de Broglie, formerly, and now once more, a peer of France, the grandson of the Marshal [de Broglie], and a friend of M. de la Fayette. That tells everything in the matter of his political views. Our family is still a little intellectual oasis where Franklin, Washington and Jefferson are worshipped as in their own country.

Please accept all the reverence of my heart. May my poor talents, if you can believe me, testify to my attachment for you.

NECKER DE STAEL H.

Be good enough to give me some news of South America. I hope for its independence.

Jefferson to Mme. de Staël

Monticello, Sept. 6, 1816.

M. de la baronne de Staël Holstein:

A request, dear Madam, in your letter of Jan. 6 gives you the trouble of reading this. You therein ask information of the state of things in S. America. This is difficult to be understood even to us who have some stolen intercourse with those countries; but in Europe I suppose it is impossible. That mendacity which Spain, like England, makes a principal piece of the machine of her government, confounds all enquiry, by so blending truth and falsehood, as to make them indistinguishable. According to Spanish accounts they have won great victories in battles which they never fought, and slaughtered thousands of rebels whom they have never seen. And, as in our revolution, the English were perpetually gaining victories over us until they conquered themselves out of our Northern continent, so Spain is in a fair way

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of conquering herself out of the Southern one. [There follows a discussion of the various Latin-American countries, concluding with Mexico.] This, first of all the Spanish possessions, and superior to Spain itself in extent, fertility, population, riches and information, has nothing to fear from the pigmy power of Spain.

So far then all would seem to be well. But their real difficulties are not how to repel the efforts of the mother country, but how to silence and disarm the schisms among themselves. In all those countries the most inveterate divisions have arisen, partly among the different castes, partly among rival leaders. . . . In the meantime everything is at the mercy of the military leaders. The whole southern continent is sunk in the deepest ignorance and bigotry. A single priest is more than a sufficient opponent to a whole army, and were it not that the lower clergy, as poor and oppressed as the people themselves, has very much taken sides with the revolutionists, their cause would have been desperate from the beginning. But when their independence shall be established, the same ignorance and bigotry will render them incapable of forming and maintaining a free government, and it is excruciating to believe that all will end in military despotism under the Bonaparte of their region.

The only comfortable prospect which this beclouded horizon offers is that these revolutionary movements, having excited into exercise that common sense which nature has implanted into everyone, it will go on advancing towards the lights of cultivated reason, will become sensible of its own powers, and in time be able to form some canons of freedom, and to restrain their leaders to an observance of them. In the mean time we must pray to God as most heartily we do for your country, that "he will be pleased to give them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions."

Your resolution not to revisit your own country, while under foreign force, is worthy of you. No patriotism requires us to incur the pain of witnessing miseries which we cannot remedy or alleviate, and towards which, even in absence, your pen may do more than your presence. . . . In general it is sinful, but now pious, to pray for war and strife among nations as the only means of dissolving their criminal combinations.

I congratulate you on the happy union of your daughter with a peer and patriot of France; and should your son realize the hope you hold up to us of visiting this sanctuary of the unfortunate of every country where "the wolf dwells with the lamb, and the leopard lieth down with the kid," he will be hailed as the son of M. de Staël and the grandson of M. Necker, and will see an example, in the peaceable reunion here of so many worthies of his own country, how much more happy the tolerant principles of his great ancestor might have made them at home.

Permit me here to renew the assurances of high consideration and esteem.

TH. JEFFERSON.

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"DELENDA EST AUSTRIA"

BY THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE

THE most important problem confronting the Allies in their struggle against Teutonism is probably the destiny of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Many illusions concerning it are prevalent, and even President Wilson, whose war messages will ever remain as models of the deepest insight and noblest political ideals, uses, where Austria is concerned, the tone of a friendly adviser. The only explanation, though apparently absurd, seems to be that President Wilson was deceived by the circumstance that for over two centuries the rulers of Austria have known how to mask under remarkably urbane and deceptive international manners their unscrupulous aims and ruthless ferocity. They lack in certain respects the brutal force of their German compeers, but because of the quasi-Oriental perfection of their training, are vastly superior to them in the arts of dissimulation and mendacity. Only those who have been long submitted to their despotism have been able to unmask the tyrants and plumb the depths of their hypocrisy.

But great as may be the impulse to deliver the victims of this infamous thraldom, this might not be a sufficient reason to advocate the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for unfortunately the aspirations of nationalities must often be sacrificed to "higher" international considerations. The new dispensation, solemnly announced by President Wilson, proclaims the rights of each nationality to be the arbiter of its destiny, and choose its own form of Government, but in the case under consideration this fundamental axiom is not quite sufficient, as the champions of Austria, with chameleonic adaptiveness, already hint at a possible "Federalization," by which, to quote Count Czernin's favorite utterance, "*the several nationalities would*

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be allowed to develop freely within the Empire." The present article is intended to prove that if the United States and the Allies wish to win the war, not only formally but substantially, the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary must be absolute, for otherwise, even though the Teutonic *bloc* is forced to reintegrate Belgium, Serbia and Roumania, to return Alsace-Lorraine to France, the " unredeemed " provinces to Italy, and lose its colonies, virtually it would still be the victor.

The historical growth of the Austro-Hungarian Empire shows that in spite of all reverses and rebuffs encountered in its secular progress, the ambitious motto of Frederic III: *"Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo"* or *"A. E. I. O. U."*, is still the mainspring of its policy. It is no paradox to assert this even when all but nominally it is the vassal of Germany. As a rule, spirit dominates matter, and Austrian statesmen are confident that the nimble subtlety of their minds may enable them to control, in the end, the cumbrous mentality of their would-be masters, although upheld and protected by their military power. The spirit of Prince Metternich never ceased to haunt the Ball-Platz, and many disciples of Gentz are ready with their pamphlets, according to orders; but even disregarding these secret ambitions, there is no room to doubt that Austria is indissolubly bound to Germany, and that a mortal blow inflicted upon the former would fatally react upon the latter.

A current fallacy has been that if the Danubian Monarchy were properly handled and safeguarded by the United States, Great Britain and France against *" the preposterous pretensions of Italian Imperialism,"* it would hasten to break away from the shackles of the German alliance, in order to obtain a separate peace, indispensable to the country because of its financial and economic exhaustion. Accordingly, Great Britain and France were for a long time only nominally at war with Austria, and when an Austrian submarine intercepted and captured a British officer and M. P., bearer of important despatches, he was not only treated with marked courtesy by the authorities, but spontaneously allowed to return to England, an eloquent earnest of their good intentions. But after the Italian disaster of Caporetto, Great Britain and France discovered their fatal error, and President Wilson recommended that the United States declare war on Austria.

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By the time this fallacy had been exploded, the United States and the Allies were faced by the tragical farce of Russia's dissolution, which justifies still more the contention that Germany's aims of world-supremacy can be thwarted only by the constitution of independent States, comprising the several races so long oppressed by the House of Hapsburg. A reunited Poland, a free Bohemia, a Serbo-Croatia within reasonable linguistic frontiers, and a strengthened Roumania must form the barrier against which the menacing flood of "*Mittel-European*" ambitions will be irretrievably broken.

One of the principal arguments set forward by the champions of the Austrian Empire is, its necessity for the peace and so-called "equilibrium" of Europe. They urge that to break up Austria would mean the immense strengthening of Germany, as the ten million German-speaking Austrians must, in self-defense, coalesce with the German Empire to which they have ever been attracted by identity of race, language, interests and culture, while, on the other hand, the ten million Magyars, hemmed in by hostile Czeco-Slovacks, Poles, Roumanians and Serbo-Croats, would more than ever be the champions of Germanism, and ready to kindle conflagrations in the East. They insinuate that the Danubian Monarchy (reorganized as a Federation under the House of Hapsburg) might yet be Great Britain's and France's most powerful ally against Germany, whispering engagingly, at the same time, that the Hapsburgs have never forgotten the humiliations suffered at the hands of Prussia, nor relinquished their legitimate hegemonic designs over the German-speaking race, snatched from them by the Hohenzollerns.

These specious arguments are entirely based upon falsehoods and destroyed by a logical examination of facts. The Germans in Cis-Leithania, as the Magyars in Trans-Leithania, form the predominant factor, under the leadership of officials of those nationalities, and others chosen among the most reactionary nobility of Bohemia and Poland, with a few renegade Croats and Italians. Gerrymandering is for them a fine art, and by pertinaciously sowing hate and distrust between coexisting races or sects, they have managed to foment internecine struggles to their exclusive benefit, so that in this proposed preservation of Austria it is not ten or twenty millions that would be definitely thrown in the

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arms of Teutonism, but the whole of the fifty-one millions of the Austrian Empire. One fact must be emphasized. The ties riveting Austria to Germany are incomparably stronger than identity of race, language or hate; Austria has totally relinquished its individuality, and its despotic Ally curbs with brutal outspokenness the dwindling attempts of its "ward" to assert its rights. The results of the Brest-Litovsk Conference, whether Lenin and Trotsky were paid agents of Germany or hare-brained ideologists acting in good faith, have diverted Germany's attention from the irremediably lost Berlin-Bagdad scheme, to another, even more promising because of its enormous natural resources. Through the trumped-up Ukrainian Republic and the Caucasus lies the road to Persia, and from there on to India and China. It has Odessa as port of entry in a fully Germanized Black Sea, protected by the Dardanelles, which, by a remarkably short-sighted policy, the Allies seem inclined to leave in the hands of Turkey, and by Austria, paramount in the Balkans. But the success of this far-reaching and ambitious plan, with its ultimate aim of dealing a mortal stroke to the "arch-enemy" England, in its most vital spot, India, depends upon one condition: the preservation of Austria, to which is entrusted the most important mission. Abutting upon Ukrainia, the economic resources and racial idiosyncrasies of which Austrian statesmen have mastered by years of secret separatist propaganda and stealthy espionage, Austria forms Germany's bridge-head on the great road to India. Deprived of this bridge-head, the gigantic plan crumbles to pieces, and Germany, isolated by a hostile ring of nations, constricted into frontiers rigorously closed to its "commercial penetration," would be incapable of jeopardizing the world's peace, and then, but only then, the seemingly utopian scheme of an universal brotherhood of nations might become a reality.

Another argument advanced in support of Austria's integrity is that the new States to be formed by its disruption comprise nationalities either notoriously incapable of self-government (Poles), or not sufficiently homogeneous (Czechs), or not clearly defined (Serbo-Croats). Numberless causes of social and political unrest would arise in these immature communities, when no longer controlled by the Austrian authorities who are thoroughly trained by centuries of practice to deal with those complicated racial problems.

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A rapid survey will prove the disingenuousness of these assertions.

Poland appears at first as most disheartening. It seems as if the Poles were dragged apart by centrifugal forces. But the secret of this is hidden in the deep schemes of its Austrian masters, and may explain likewise those alternatives of pro- and anti-Slav tendencies, interpreted often by puzzled observers as symptomatic rifts in the lute of Austro-German complicity. The Poles, petted and cajoled by Austria, had ceased to consider the possibility of a reunion with their brethren, either martyrized by the brutal assaults of Pan-Germanists, or debased by the more subtle tyranny of Czarism. The war came to awaken the dormant Polish conscience, because of the Czar's promise of autonomy to Poland, followed later, as a counterblast, by the Austro-German proclamation of an independent Polish State, from which, however, was carefully excluded any portion of Polish territory under Prussian domination. Even the solemn farce of a Polish "Provisional Government" and of the "Polish Legions," staged by Germany, helped to awaken the race, and when President Wilson, in accord with the Prime Ministers of Great Britain, France and Italy, proclaimed as a fundamental axiom for the peace of Europe, the necessity of a free and united Poland comprising every inch of Polish soil, and with an access to the Baltic, a great thrill went through the nation, and it has ever more and more explicitly manifested its cohesion, as lately when the cession of the Kholm territory to Ukrainia caused a storm of protest, even among the highest Polish officials in the service of Austria.

The apologists of the Danubian Monarchy point out that in Bohemia the Czechs form only sixty-five per cent of the population, the other thirty-five per cent being Germans, and that the Czechs themselves are subdivided in a large number of factions ever ready to fly at each other's throats. But they omit to say that Bohemia and Moravia form a well-individualized unit, with clearly defined frontiers; they are silent concerning the fact that the Germans were deliberately imported into Bohemia to denationalize the country; and they include Czechs, Germanized by those systems of violence and corruption of which Austrian rulers are past masters. As to the intestine dissensions among the Czechs themselves, the resolutions voted by the great meeting of Prague, at which, without one single exception, *all* the Members of the

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Czech delegation to the Austrian Reichsrat were present and which, though suppressed by the censor, have been published by Dr. Benès, Secretary of the Czeco-Slovack Committee in London, leave no possible doubt that the Czechs have but one aspiration: that so pithily expressed by the *Denny Hélas,* the Slovack paper of Cleveland, O., "the complete dismemberment and dissolution of that absurd (Austrian) empire, vassal, satellite and ruthless instrument of Militarism and Kaiserism."

The Serbo-Croats form at present, it has been said, the weakest link in the chain of arguments propounded by those who uphold the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. Their somewhat exaggerated claims, which often clash with the just aspirations of the Italian race, have been grossly distorted by those who have the greatest interest in sowing irreparable dissension between Jugo-Slavs and Italians. Though the writer's nationality might seem an unavoidable obstacle to an objective attitude, it will be safe to say that mutual good will is required to settle all differences, and to quote the words of Dr. Trumbic himself, the signer, with the Serbian Prime Minister Pacic, of the Pact of Corfu, "that nine millions of Jugo-Slavs have but one aim, their liberation from the debasing slavery imposed upon them by Austrians and Magyars."

Very few words are needed about Roumania. Though apparently engulfed in an appalling disaster by the treason of Bolshevist Russia and Ukrainia, that intrepid race has kept intact all its potentialities, and it is no empty rhetoric to proclaim that because of its magnificent steadiness, Roumania is entitled to reunite under her flag those of her sons, in the West as well as in the East, who have been separated from the mother-country. They will assuredly form the most resolute, if not the principal, barrier against all dreams of Teutonic conquests in the East.

The demonstration that the dismemberment of Austria is of paramount importance, on political grounds, for the stability of the world's peace, seems so incontrovertible that one is inclined to wonder how this obvious fact has not struck most forcibly those whose duty it is to reorganize civilization.

But there is yet another, and much higher, ethical reason for which the Austro-Hungarian Empire should be pitilessly blotted out of its corporate existence. It is almost impossible to conceive how President Wilson, the exponent of Justice

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and Humanity's most sublime ideals, should be willing "to extend an open hand to Austria," as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* summarizes his last great Message. Is President Wilson fully aware of the revolting outrages perpetrated by Austrian officials not only upon harmless non-combatant enemies, but upon their own co-citizens of Slav and Italian birth? Mr. Gladstone in an historic letter branded the Bourbon Government of Naples as the "negation of God"; what terms would he have used to designate that of Austria-Hungary?

In a speech pronounced on the 19th of October, 1917, in the Austrian Reichsrat, Mr. Tresic-Slavicic, the prominent Jugo-Slav poet, has denounced such acts of unparalleled cruelty as the history of civilized Europe has never registered. This speech, only half of which, and in a very mutilated form, has passed out of Austria, says textually among many other things:

"During four nights we were penned in a stable from which one hundred carts of manure had just been removed. . . . suffocated by the fetid stench of urine and forced to look upon the Magyar soldiers spitting in the food prepared for us. . . In Mostar, the most terrible was the head-gaoler, Gaspar Scheller, armed with a curved iron stick he had nicknamed "Kronprinz." He beat the prisoners on head and shoulders till the blood squirted, insulting them meanwhile with diabolical fury. . . Many, as the Editor of the *Narod* and the Rev. Tichy, succumbed at the hands of this tiger. . . The hostages were chosen from amongst the most distinguished and cultivated members of the community, and very few were able to stand this martyrdom to the end. . . To be chosen as a hostage was equivalent to a sentence of death. They died by the hundred. . . From Mostar the prisoners were taken to Arad, already overcrowded by several thousand hostages from Herzegovina. During the journey the Hungarian rabble pelted them with stones and mud and spat in their faces. Starving, naked, exhausted, urged on with bayonet-thrusts and blows from the butt-ends of muskets, they were herded as cattle in bomb-proofs infested with bugs and lice. In those long, narrow underground corridors, even in winter, the atmosphere was heavy as with a noisome vapour. . . . Very soon spotted fever developed, called with ghastly humor by the hostages: *'Tunnelitis Terribilis'* . . . Later they succumbed to it in masses. For entire nights the living lay side by side with the dead . . .on the fetid straw. . .only noticed when the stench of corruption betrayed their presence. . . The dead were thrown in heaps upon carts and escorted by Magyar soldiers howling with joy. The dead at Arad were from three to four thousand. . ."

From Bohemia little by little other unspeakable horrors

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leak out. The strenuous opposition of the Czechs to mobilization, their steadfast abstention from subscribing to the Austrian war-loans, and their unshaken refusal to declare their loyalty to Austria has cost the lives of many thousand patriots. The reservists swore, amid the acclamations of the people, to fight only for Czechish liberty, and were therefore massacred without discrimination or pity. Whole regiments, as the 8th Landwehr, when it refused to leave Prague, were destroyed by German-speaking troops. In the prisons of Prague, built to hold no more than 2,500 inmates, nearly 4,000 political prisoners are packed, forced to sleep on the bare ground; but nothing is known of the atrocious physical and moral torments which their gaolers no doubt have inflicted upon them.

Even the Slovenes in and around Gorizia, who before the war and during its first months were petted and pampered by the Austrian authorities, as they could be used to persecute and martyrize the hated Italians living in the same district, did not escape from the blind brutality of their Teutonic or Magyar masters at their return. From the *Slovenec* of Laibach we learn that indiscriminate arrests of hundreds were made simply at the caprice of a Captain Shubert, and that the Magyar troops of General Nagy committed all sorts of depredations and excesses. In one case at least, a woman, too ill to be moved from her bed, was shot then and there without provocation or judgment of any kind.

This being the treatment meted out by the Austrian authorities upon the citizens of their own country, it is not difficult to imagine the atrocities of which they have been guilty on alien soil. The world rang at America's tremendous outcry of indignation upon hearing of the German cruelties in Belgium and of their treatment of British prisoners of war, but no one seems to notice Austria's unspeakable barbarities against the civilian population of Serbia and Friuli, and the Serbian and Italian prisoners of war. The Germans seem almost humane when compared to their Austrian allies. In Serbia over 150,000 civilians were deported to Austria or Hungary; all instruments of industrial production have been impounded and the peasants robbed of their last cart, horse and ox. The outrages perpetrated by the Austrian officials are indescribable; they imprison, whip and hang without judgment. In the village of Ramatja thirty-five peasants and the schoolmaster were executed in

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one morning. Even *a pregnant woman* was hung, the body remaining several days exposed to view. In the district of Leskovatz thirty-six villages were burnt and razed to the ground, over twenty thousand men, women and children massacred on the pretext that they had furnished food to "insurgent" bands, and Mrs. Saja Nicolic, wife of a Member of the Skupcina, was shot after being starved for eight days, for having, during the "revolt," established an ambulance to assist wounded Serbians. The Austrians are enthusiastically abetted by their worthy allies, the Bulgarians, notoriously the most brutal and treacherous people in the world, whose war-songs, officially distributed to the soldiers by their Government, contain such bloody obscenities that it would be impossible to reproduce them in these pages.

It is very difficult to obtain exact news from Friuli, but it has been fully ascertained that the towns of Belluno, Feltre, Tarcento, Valdobbiadene, Cividale and Udine were thoroughly sacked, and the orders proscribing pillage were promulgated "*pro forma*" only after most of the booty had been removed. Train-loads of all sorts of property were despatched to Vienna and Buda-Pesth, under the supervision of special officials who organized the methodical plunder of everything movable. A flock of predatory ghouls accompanied them, and the division of spoils among them gave rise to such disputes that Austrian papers unblushingly discussed whether it was Vienna or Buda-Pesth that had been defrauded. Metals were of course carefully collected, all bells above fifty pounds being removed from churches and chapels. The officers are even greater thieves than their men: a Captain Franzer "collected" the best paintings from the Castle of Castellavazzo; a Lieutenant Skbek, in a state of drunkenness, devastated the Villa of Pelos, near Auronzo; a Captain Opitz sent home one "quintal" of coffee, now worth 1,600 crowns in Austria. Murders ("executions," as they are dubbed with Austrian euphemism) and violences of all kinds are daily, not to say hourly, occurrences.

The fate of Italian prisoners of war is terrible. Not only are they starved beyond the limits of credibility, but are incessantly submitted to the most ferocious and debasing treatment. The Austrian non-commissioned officers placed at their head are, as a rule, delinquents, as that Magyar Sergeant Izaaks who tortured insane soldiers of whom he had the supervision. Those escaped from the prison camps,

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or who have been exchanged, unanimously declare that tuberculosis was reaping victims by the hundred among their fellow prisoners, that the Austrian doctors either cannot or will not do anything to better the sanitary and alimentary conditions of those unfortunate sufferers, and that the few who may return home at the end will, without exception, be irremediably broken in health and spirits. This frightful condition of affairs has been summarized by one of the soldiers who was taken prisoner near Caporetto and eventually escaped, when he wrote to his sister: "If I had known what I was destined to suffer, I would a thousand times have preferred to shoot myself rather than fall into the hands of these beasts!"

It seems almost superfluous to draw conclusions from what has been said above. If the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is the one step necessary to overthrow definitively and forever the awful threat of Teutonic Kaiserism and Militarism, it is still more so in the name of those exalted spiritual and moral ideals of which President Wilson is the banner-bearer. In the universal brotherhood of nations which must arise from the crumbling ruins of the Old World, there can be no place for that organized machine of deceit, oppression and murder, the Danubian Monarchy.

Delenda est Austria!

LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

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RUSSIA'S DARKEST HOUR

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

LET us begin by taking stock of the immensity of Germany's success in Russia, and of Russia's ghastly collapse. We may get a picture of it in this way: In the year 1612 Russia was a remote inland territory, ignorant, anarchic, cut off from the Baltic, cut off from the Black Sea, having only a shadowy hold over Siberia. In one of his less known prose works, Milton described that remote forest land under the title of Moscovia, and the title may very well serve for the shreds and patches of the Russian Empire that remain to-day. In the twelve months of the Russian Revolution everything has been lost to Russia that was gained in the three centuries from 1612. Moscovia is once more a remote, ignorant anarchic territory, cut off from the Baltic, cut off from the Black Sea, and with only a shadowy hold over her immense Asian dominions.

And all that Russia has lost has gone to Germany, for neither Austria nor Turkey has at this moment any more real independence than have Courland and Lithuania; all real control is in German hands. So the Germans are planning—so soon as they shall have "smashed" the Allies on the western front—to begin the huge process of digesting Russia, spreading a wide net over the Ukrainian wheatfields, planting German colonies and German factories in the mineral lands of the Don and Ural, sending forth outposts of Kultur across the vast spaces of Siberia.

But—while final victory so unaccountably delays on the western front—barriers to the German triumphal progress across Russia are beginning to show themselves; the process of assimilation is not working out with the smoothness that Germany has the right to expect from her so deeply thought out schemes. Things are not going altogether well.

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The most obvious obstacle appears to lie in the insane folly of Germany's agents. The "Lenins" and "Trotskys" have let loose forces that they will be wholly unable to control, and whose operation is quite certain to defeat the designs which Germany sent them to carry out. And, to begin with, we must realize quite clearly that, while it has become the fashion to speak of these men and their "pals" as the temporary Government of Russia, there is, in fact, no Russian Government at all, nor any material out of which, so far as these men are concerned, a Government could be built. We were informed, a few weeks ago, at the time when the Germans were advancing beyond Reval toward Petrograd, that the Russian capital had been transferred from Petrograd to Moscow, and that the "Lenins" and "Trotskys" were making their way to Moscow, post-haste. We imagine, perhaps, that there was an ordered, dignified transfer of disciplined Government officials, as when the Government of France went from Paris to Bordeaux in early September, 1914; but I am convinced that nothing of the sort really took place in Russia. To begin with, not a single department was regularly functioning at Petrograd, or had been regularly functioning for months past; there were, in fact, no Government departments in being to transfer. The Russian Foreign Office, so far as it existed, amounted to no more than control of the cables—with control of a few wild journalists who sent enthusiastic Bolshevik messages; no real Government business was being transacted beyond the stately doings at Brest-Litovsk. One wonders, by the way, what may be the international status of a treaty, when the parties of one part have no legal status as a Government, and all inscribe the treaty with pen-names?

But in view of the present trend of their foreign policy, perhaps the Bolsheviki are all the better for having no Foreign Office. They need no organization to deal with Germany—Germany thoughtfully provides it—and the Entente Powers will not recognize them. But there are departments without which no Government can even pretend to exist. There is, to begin with, the vital matter of revenue. How far is it realized that, so far, the Bolsheviki have paid their bills—so far as they have paid them—by two rudimentary expedients?—by wholesale stealing of other people's money, and, when this ran short, by assiduous use of the printing presses. Probably no "government" ever printed so much

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" money " in so short a time. With these slips of paper the Bolshevik magnates not only paid their own way handsomely, voting themselves salaries adequate to their high estate, but they also paid the members of the Red Guard—Kerensky's creation—magnificently, giving them twenty or twenty-five rubles a day, about equal, at the old rate of exchange, to $5,000 a year. No private soldiers were ever so splendidly remunerated, and the right to plunder must have brought in at least an equal amount.

Meanwhile, no taxes were collected, no revenue came in. More than that, the Bolsheviki, as a part of the general process of " breaking down," have smashed the tax-collecting machinery; among other things, all the office records are gone. Of course, when in a corner like this, you can levy upon capital to a certain extent, and this the Bolsheviki have largely done; but, in the first place, under the happy conditions which the Bolsheviki themselves created, capital in Russia has almost absolutely ceased to be productive; and, in the second place, the Bolsheviki appear to have pretty well robbed the roost already. It is a fair assumption that in the coming fiscal year—supposing that the accounts are ever made out—the revenue of Russia will be practically nil. Already the whole machinery has practically stopped, under the wholesale national " sabotage " of the Bolsheviki.

But, when revenue fails, and fails in this wholesale and sweeping way, it is futile to talk about the other departments —the " spending " departments—of the Russian Government. " Trotsky " talks, in his large way, about a new army of 250,000, of 500,000, of 1,500,000; he may be mad enough to believe his own dreams, as he may have believed in them a few weeks ago, when he was issuing ultimatums to the German General Staff. But he can hardly expect the rest of the world to take him seriously. It is, of course, a pure illusion to believe that, after their great triumph at Brest-Litovsk, the Bolsheviki " demobilized " the Russian army. In reality there was nothing left to demobilize. The Russian army had simply slunk home. And, as it happens, the Bolsheviki had presciently provided them with occupation on their home-coming, which is likely to keep them pretty closely at work for a considerable time to come, and is likely, further, to work havoc among certain German schemes.

The situation is this: bad and deadening as was the old

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Russian communal village land tenure, there was, nevertheless, some slight opportunity for the able, honest, industrious farmer to extend his holdings of land to some small degree, to get some reward for his better husbandry. So there has grown up a considerable inequality in size and value, not only between the holdings of one village and another, but between the holdings of one peasant family and another within the same village.

The Bolsheviki gained power in two ways: by outbidding Kerensky for the support of the Red Guards (whom they proceeded to pay with fiat paper money), and by promising land to the peasants. The first proposal was to divide among the peasants the possessions of the more successful landowners, which were islands of intelligence and skill in the midst of the primeval inefficiency of the peasantry. But appetite comes with eating, and a second edict announced that peasant holdings also were to be divided, so that "the least should have as much as the greatest."

Consider the beauty of that arrangement. At this moment there are, it must be remembered, no law courts or legal authorities whatever. What Kerensky left the Bolsheviki swept away. There is, therefore, no authority whatever throughout the length and breadth of Russia with power to guarantee a land title. More than that, there is absolutely no organization existing that could conceivably survey and allot the land of the Russian villages, according to the Bolshevik principle. Even in peaceful times, what a force of surveyors would be required to map Russia's billion acres and divide it into equal plots! The task would, under the most favorable circumstances possible, take a long series of years. But the Russian snows are already melted. The time for the Spring sowing is not merely near; it has already come. Think, then, of the conditions besetting the Spring sowing in Russia in this year of grace, with the armed, demoralized hordes from the front, the men who once were Russia's army, trooping back to the villages and, after they have sacked and burned the houses of the larger landowners, demanding a division of the land of the peasants, according to the Bolshevik formula. Imagine the wild fury of the more successful peasants, holders of the larger, better plots, when told that they must divide up with their more thriftless, stupider neighbors. Imagine, also the ubiquitous rifles and cartridges, the absolute dissolution of discipline, and it would

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seem to be pretty clear that the Spring sowing in Russia will take place, let us say, under considerable difficulties.

In other words, the latest Bolshevik formula is calculated to add the last possible degree of anarchic destruction to a land that is well-nigh ruined already. And for exactly that reason we are justified in thinking of this as Russia's darkest hour, the hour before the dawn.

For, it must be remembered, these Russian peasants have been promised the joys of paradise; and, to purchase these joys, they have practically sold their souls. But, like all who have made a bargain with the Adversary, they are already reaping the bitterest disillusion. For they thought it would be all take and no give, and they are already finding that it is all give and no take. Not only are there no joys of paradise, but there is every likelihood that they will fight ferociously through the season of sowing, and when the harvest comes they will starve to death in millions. That would seem to be the practically inevitable working of the Bolshevik formula.

But this condition of things seems likely to have two results: First, it seems highly improbable that there will be any large supplies of Russian grain available for Germany in the coming year, so that once more the shrewd German calculation will have over-reached itself; and, secondly, the Russian people are likely to sound such depths of misery as will provoke an inevitable reaction.

In justice to these deluded Russian peasants, it must be remembered that all their prophets, from Hertzen to Tolstoi, have assured them that they were entitled to the land of Russia; and, indeed, the present situation in Russia is an almost exact working out of the Tolstoian gospel of non-resistance, anarchism and free soil. Therefore the Bolsheviki are quite logically pensioning Tolstoi's family. But, when the Russian peasants find that the realization of the principles of their prophets lands them not in paradise but in a hell of internecine strife, they are likely to turn their backs upon these prophets and set their faces once more toward the old ways. They have already shown that their souls are fluid, almost vapor-like in their capacity for sudden change, and we are permitted to believe in the possibility of an equally complete change in the opposite sense. And the Bolshevik prophets and their German backers are quite likely to be swept away by such a reaction.

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But we can, perhaps, reach the same result by considering the whole problem in a quite different way, along the line of national characteristics and international problems. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying.

The menace is that the Germans will expand to the east and south-east, not only along the Berlin-Bagdad line, but along the far longer line from Berlin to Vladivostok. And, according to the German calculation, there seems to be nothing to keep them back. Their victory seems already complete and overwhelming. Yet perhaps even the Germans are beginning to distrust the very completeness of their seeming victories. They have at least had some opportunity to learn.

Consider, then, this diverging line running from Berlin to Bagdad, from Vienna to Vladivostok. On its eastward trend from Berlin it runs first into Polish territory. Poland, for the moment, is prostrate, and the Germans are, no doubt, ignorant enough of human nature, and of the unconquerable soul, to believe that Poland will remain prostrate, the docile slave of Germany, to the end of time. But what is the reality concerning Poland? It is, I think, something like this: Never, through all her past history, has Poland suffered more atrociously than she has suffered since she was "liberated" by Germany and Austria in the late summer of 1915. And, just because of her terrible and unspeakable sufferings, never was there a time when the flame of Polish patriotism burned so brightly, with such invincible valor, as at the present moment. We know very well that Belgium, that occupied France, have not become "reconciled" to their bestial conquerors; that the Germans there are living upon a volcano. The same thing is true of Poland; perhaps even more true, since Poland's sufferings have been, and are, if possible, more atrocious. There is in Poland a steady tension of spiritual force—that force so unintelligible to the German mind, so disconcerting in its results—which only awaits its hour to blast and destroy the brutal tyranny, the detestable hypocrisy, which to-day weighs Poland down to the dust. Nothing is needed but a favorable opportunity, and we shall see all Poland in a flame, a crusade of liberation.

From Vienna, on the long line to Vladivostok, one comes equally to Slavonic land. And the Czechs, the Moravians, the Slovaks have as keen a spirit of nationality, as deep-rooted and hearty a detestation of their Teuton tyrants, as have the Poles. Further, they have long realized their close-

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ness to the Poles, in blood, in speech, in spiritual life; they have realized, too, that the Teuton, whether he be called Austrian or Prussian, is the common foe. If one could imagine the German bled white and bleached, denatured in all possible ways, the residuum would, nevertheless, be such that men and women of other races would find them almost unassimilable. But when the German has, by the curious processes of his psychological training, raised into high relief all in him that is most Teutonic, then he becomes simply intolerable to any other race; he must in time, one would think, become intolerable even to himself.

And it happens that the Slavonic temperament is peculiarly disinclined to stomach the German; every characteristic is antipathetic. Time and close association do nothing to bridge the chasm. And, if this close association be, as it now is, of the nature of unmeasured German tyranny, with every element of atrocity, then the longer that association continues, the more violent will be the tendency to explode. One may say, indeed, that the national spirit of both Pole and Czech is steadily growing in clarity and strength, in virtue precisely of this Teuton oppression.

The same thing is true of the Slavonic region which one enters, on the road from Vienna toward Bagdad: the region inhabited by a single race with many names: Serb, Croat, Montenegrin, Sclavonian, Bosnian, Dalmatian. All these speak practically the same tongue and are of practically the same blood. And, for centuries, during which they suffered all things from the oppression of the Turks, their national sense and national genius simply grew more clear, more fervent, more unconquerable. Even the Bulgarians may once more return to the right way, if they receive adequate punishment for the base treachery of their attack on Serbia, already beset by the two great, cowardly empires on the north. One is inclined to believe that, but for the Satanic promptings of Austria, and of Austria's tool, Tsar Ferdinand, the Bulgarians would not have behaved so basely in 1913 and again in 1915. But it will take pretty sharp chastisement, thoroughly to convince them of sin.

Moving eastward from Poland, Bohemia, the Slovak and Serbian region, we come to Ukrainia and Russia. Exactly by what means the pro-Austrian junta that called itself the Ukrainian Rada was able to seize power and hold it long enough to make an infamous treaty with the Teutons, we

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have not yet been told. But we may, perhaps, penetrate through this false and treacherous element on the surface to the more genuine forces beneath, the elements which are, in race and spirit, truly Slavonic. For it must be remembered that the present rulers both of Russia and of Ukrainia do not pretend to be Slavonic at all. They are "Internationalists," not Slavs.

The Germans may have intended to strike a fair bargain with the Ukrainians, as Germans understand fairness. But their intention will amount to nothing. That which passes for the German soul will be too strong for them, as it has been too strong for them in Belgium and Poland. And then, as in Belgium and Poland, they will begin to tyrannize and plunder through the Ukraine, with that peculiar and intolerable brutality of which they hold the secret. Then, if not before, the Slavonic spirit, temporarily bought and seduced by we know not just what corrupt consideration, will revolt and rise against them, as it is ready to rise against them, in Poland, in Bohemia, in the whole Serbian region. By that time, too, the Bolshevik leaven will have worked its way through Russia, bringing not only the bitter misery which is its inevitable result, but, let us hope, opening the way for genuine contrition and repentance. Given the Russian character, such an outcome is not only possible; it is extremely probable. We shall then have, throughout the whole region which lies between the Teutons on the one hand and the alluring East on the other, the elements of a vast Slavonic explosion against the Teutons, an explosion which will have behind it the whole driving force of an intense national genius and all the moral indignation of spirits outraged by German atrocities. And that explosion, it would seem, will blow the bottom out of the Berlin-Bagdad, the Vienna-Vladivostok dream. At any rate, it is a tremendous possibility.

If we accept some such basis as this—the living principle of Slavonic nationality—what line of statesmanlike effort should we consequently follow? Since the revolution began in Russia, more than a year ago, we have tended to treat the mass of Russians as if they were Americans. We cannot be greatly blamed for this, since it seems that both France and England fell into a like mistake; they thought of the Russians as Western Constitutionalists, and acted toward them accordingly. I am afraid, indeed, that Socialists from

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both France and England, as well as Socialists from the United States, had a malign influence upon Russia's destiny. But, taking the matter largely, our mistake was to think of them as Americans, saturated with our own Constitutional theory, expert in our Constitutional practice; and we thought that it would be as easy a thing for them to make a water-tight constitution as it would be, let us say, to amend the Constitution of New York or Connecticut. But we should remember one thing—and it will go far to explain to us the cause of our wild miscalculation: that only in one land has representative self-government been an indigenous growth. Representative self-government was deeply rooted on our Atlantic coast long before 1776, and therefore naturally grew and prospered. But even in France of the Third Republic it is so far from stable that French patriotism is in continual jeopardy from French politics, and one Prime Minister is about to put another on trial for high treason.

Let us understand, then, that the constitutional theories which move and guide us have as little influence over the mass of Russians, as little existence even, as the details of Selenography. And let us begin to find out what the things are, which really enkindle and inflame the Russian heart. He will turn presently in utter misery from the ghastly deceptions of his Socialism, and will, perhaps, be ardently eager to respond to the right inspiration, if we have the wisdom, as we have the opportunity, to give it powerful backing.

The Russian has in him a fund of loyalty, of religious emotion; these things guide him, not constitutional theories. He is tremendously influenced by symbols. So, by the way, are we; and quite rightly. Two of our symbols are "Old Glory" and "Uncle Sam," neither of which is provided for in our Constitution; yet I think they are, in their way, more potent—they arouse stronger and more vigorous emotion, and emotion of a very high and fine quality—than do the clauses of our Constitution. Our national anthem is another symbol.

Let us admit the same thing for the Russian masses, immeasurably less developed than we are, in the direction of constitutional theory and practice. The revolution of a year ago robbed them at a single stroke of all their symbols: robbed them of their "Little Father," the equivalent, let us say, of our "Uncle Sam." What was vitally important was not the character and capacity of the Russian gentleman

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who summoned the Hague Conference and abolished vodka; what was vitally important was the ideal, the image of the "Little Father" in a hundred million Russian hearts. Uncle Sam has neither summoned a Hague Conference nor abolished vodka; nay, he belongs to the family of Dream Children. Yet he has his power and inspiration, and every hoarding in our land bears testimony to it. And the symbol of the "Little Father" was incomparably more potent with the Russian; above all, with the Russian soldier. How the Russian soldier gets on without his symbol we saw in the shameful rout at the end of last July. But how would our own men on the fighting line stand the annihilation of "Uncle Sam"? Add the substitution of the red rag of Socialism for Old Glory; add the loss of the National Anthem; and we can see that our fighting line would receive a pretty formidable shock. Let us, then, be open-minded enough to understand that the same thing, though infinitely greater in degree, has happened to the far less developed, far more imaginative Russian peasants, including the youthful peasants in uniform.

I think that our attitude toward them has been all wrong. We have never looked the facts in the face. What the Russians need is not constitutional theories but concentrated symbols; symbols that will stir their hearts as our hearts are stirred by Old Glory and the National Anthem. And, now that the hour inevitably approaches when the Russian peasant, driven to misery and despair by his experiments in Socialism, will react with an aching and longing heart to the old things which raised him above himself and gave him something of nobility, let us recognize and act on the fundamental truth that only that Government will be good for him, or even possible for him, which accords with his national character and genius. We have it in our power to help him back to the path of loyalty and faith. During the last fifteen months we have tried out our prejudices on him, with pretty tragical results. Let us learn from our painful experience, and meet more wisely our new opportunity.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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PORTRAIT OF A CONTEMPORARY

1918

BY F. V. KEYS

He awoke from a sleep so deep that he seemed to rise out of the well of primal oblivion for the first time to the surface of consciousness. His lids remained closed. His eyes opened inward upon the scene where there is no need of the sun for seeing clear—the world in which the blind roam while their feet stumble in the sunlight.

His mind was extraordinarily lucid, but a vague depression hovered about its fringes. It was as if one part of him shrank from what another part of him was about to see.

He knew this apprehension. It had beset his waking for months after his mother died. She had been a dreadful, an incalculable loss to him. With her had gone not only his hold on his childhood, on his youth, but his maturity itself. His sense of continuity with his own history had snapped.

It was years now since her death. But this facing of the void in her place had become a sort of habitual pain accompanying the entrance into a new day.

To-night, however, he did not think of her. The hovering apprehension in the wings did not have immediate reference to the strange loneliness which now represented her on the stage of his life. Instead, he recognized it as the shadow thrown across the world by the Great War, and under that eclipse he saw the general life of man continuing as something vague and slight and negligible. Above all his own. And he recalled that Shakespeare, when not quite fifty, had spoken of human life as a dream, in accents that excluded all doubt as to whether he really meant it. A dream, rounded with a sleep. What passion he had put into living, to see it as dreamlike in the end! It was an observation that escaped him involuntarily, in the hearing of two young people, two innocent and happy young people, and he had straightway

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asked their pardon. That was why people who knew him called him gentle. Yes, Shakespeare. He had no bitterness at the end, for he had mastered life. It had worn threadbare, but not he. He had imposed on it something of his own power, he was leaving it peopled with ageless beings, forever richer, lovelier, nobler for his having passed here. While he himself, who once had hoped humbly to serve life, had secretly believed he could prevail on life to use him in her service, he had been passed over, rejected as one of the horde of the simply obliterated, life's padding, the refuse she flung into the maw of oblivion. He had never wanted success. He had only wanted to serve. To vindicate by even one jot or tittle of something precious and lasting the pain of his birth, the long travail of his prime, the chill shadow of the approaching end. And now his days were passing under that shadow, and he knew that his hope had been false, and that he had failed.

Then suddenly the thought of his mother leapt into his mind. As long as she was with him in the world, even though for long spells he did not see her, he had never felt this way about life. He had never really understood the tragic meaning of that word of Shakespeare's. Before, he used to repeat it often to himself, as if it was a sort of lullaby, and he would read it to others, impressively enough. Now, his lips shrank from it, as from bitter ashes. Yet it was not a bitter word. There was music, subtle as of the spheres, in the utterance of it. That was because Shakespeare had mastered life. While he was one of the nameless ones life had worsted.

Yes, he had been defeated in the struggle. Life had taken him and beaten him out of shape. For everyone, except for his mother. When she looked at him, he saw mirrored in her eyes the boy who was gone forever when her eyes closed. That boy had lived on in his breast so long as she was there to see him, question and answer him, laugh with him and at him, and love him, in the old first way. She had never mistaken him for the sort of being he had been turned into, that travesty of himself whom others saw and fancied that he was, and which was all that was left of himself now. She had seen it all,—the hurts he had taken in the struggle, from the deepest spiritual wounds even to the mere mannerisms his calling had betrayed him into, the mental attitudes and poses he had passed through which were at bottom alien ones, the hardening of his fibre in the exposure to assault,—all that

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she was aware of but had not misunderstood, even when the consequences had made her suffer most. These were all just so many accidents to her, non-essentials, like measles in his childhood; underneath, his nature preserved for her its real complexion. And so long as she was there, it did for him. Whatever defeat he suffered, however often he failed to affirm *himself,* ideally, with her still there he felt it only as a temporary set-back in the long campaign in which he had enlisted as a high-spirited volunteer, following the irresistible call of his nature. In those far-off days he saw an endless task before him, and an endless energy in working on it. He never reckoned with old age, with a decline in life before the ending of it. He saw himself as a veteran, leading on youth to the attack, the last trench in sight, ultimate victory assured. Night might be on his head, but dawn was in his bosom. He felt his spirit ageless. Then came, not what he thought life was certain to be, but what it was.

He looked down a long vista. Scenes and people came and went, some lingering, others rushing past him, some just casual and insignificant, others the determining ones in his history. All gradually settled back into a faint procession. As it drifted past he looked with apathy and weary indifference at the faces of his friends, people who had been at one time or another the ruling influence in his thought and speech and action; and at the face of his wife, who had known of him, like the rest, only her notion of him. And he remembered her death, so quiet and almost conventional, when he was working under almost intolerable pressure, and how he had scarcely realized that there was a change.

There was one of the unthinkable things: that he should have felt no spiritual loss when he lost his wife. It was one of the things that might happen to other people, but never to himself. And it was that sort of thing that had gradually battered him out of recognition. It was the awful sameness, at least the apparent sameness of the things that befell him with the things that befell other people that made him lose his spiritual identity, with the loss of all spiritual distinction.

But that this sameness in the quality and meaning of his experience was not merely apparent, but real, had never occurred to him until he was left with no other witness to the difference than himself. At first there were his friends. But one by one they had given him to understand, by this or that token, or by mere falling away, that he no longer signified

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for them, that he had become insignificant. Till finally only one remained, one whom he had often neglected, often wounded, for the belief he had given these very friends, his mother. She had not been able to follow him in his flights, to understand his admirable reasons, to applaud just at the right moment when he made his " points," as his friends could. But she believed in him. And he had come back to the anchorage of that belief. And at that moment she died. What a legion they were, just they two, against the whole uninitiated world! And since, it was only his own breast, defenceless, that offered its yawning breach to the world, the world that pushed in and looked over his soul as it would a bargain counter, picking up and throwing down its offerings with a shrug, as who should say, humph, just another one of ourselves,—and so out again, leaving his soul empty and deflowered, dim and dusty as a fane where a vain idol lay broken. And there was a silence in it as if no living voice would ever be heard in it again.

He lay prone on his back, and with a strange deep calm of unconditional surrender he felt the darkness creeping and settling into the weary lines and wrinkles on his forehead, his aching temples, his tired and drawn lips, as if, with intangible pressure, Night was taking the death-mask of his spirit. For all that was himself, his inner delight and pain, the knowledge and ideas he had made really his own, seemed to drop away from behind his features, and leave there only the hollow shell on which men read the signs they themselves, not he, had put there. Not his enemies, for he knew of none that signified; but his friends.

What tyrants they had been, except for a moment, in the dawn and promise of acquaintance! How they had seized on the likeness between him and them to arrogate to themselves the right to thrust their own particular mold upon his features! And if it would not fit, to shout or whisper, as their temper suited, the word traitor. The idealists were the worst. The plain people who took things and men as they were, and had liked him in a general easy way, for just what he was, they and their casual friendship, or their practical friendship, had left no sting behind. In that quarter there was at least a steady friendliness, and there was the plain balance of simple good offices given and received. Many men were content with such, and never asked for more. He had required both far more, and far less, of his friendships:

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he wanted spiritual affinities, subtle harmonies of heart and mind, companionship on the great excursions when the soul sets out to explore the mysterious region of its pole. And beyond this, nothing; none of the good turns that are the common currency among so-called friends. And so the idealists had had their way with him. He remembered how voluntarily he had yielded up his faith to them, these visionaries of the new material heaven on earth they were building up out of their repudiation of the world as it was. They had accepted his faith, but that did not satisfy them. They had wanted his soul. "Ideas," they cried, "ideas are eternal. They never change, nor shall we. Commit yourself to us, therefore, without reserves. Let us have your living soul." No, he was wrong. They had never put it into words, or tokens that he could understand, and reject. It was all a subtle taking-for-granted. There was the intoxicating discovery of a sort of common identity, at the beginning, and the assumption that the whole future course of their spirit would be also identical. And then came the moment when the intolerance they showed what they called the "world" was turned on him. There was the first jealous detection of the first faint difference of opinion; then the growing suspicion, cold, malignant; the sudden fierce accusation, and the infamous charge of betrayal. He saw them now for what they were, the spiritual children of the Inquisition, the Grand Inquisitors of the time, the incorruptible guardians of the only true faith, the inveterate heresy-hunters, the apologists of every knave who professed their faith, the implacable impugners of every motive, every act that did not acknowledge their creed. They had abandoned hell, but they caught the souls of men and damned them for their sojourn on earth. They had betrayed freedom in the name of freedom. They cried havoc on dogma, on the old moldering dogmas that were dropping away from men, and substituted their own brand-new formulas, warranted for eternity. They had stifled doubt, and question, and all the rich variety of nature. They would turn the soft soil of the soul, spangled with a thousand flowers, into a mosaic of their own patents.

And by some whimsical association there swam by the vision of the German scientist regularly writing his Monistic Sunday Sermons about mankind as a collection of gases. Then suddenly he was in the hall where an international congress of Free-Thinkers was holding a session, under a pansy

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for an emblem, which at first he had mistaken for a skull; and he heard a young man urging the need of something corresponding to what the Church called *Seelenfürsorge,* and listened again to the long wrangle about how that should be rendered into French, and how it finally went into the minutes as *charge d'âmes.*

How had he ever come to wandering into such places, on a quest for spiritual companionship? But that was long ago.

Why should there be a sort of special nurses for souls? Was it just because there were so many eager to thrust their souls into another's keeping, that made others so intent on looking after them, so that the psycho-analyst could step into the confessional when the priest left it? Even he himself had had souls thrust upon him. But the matter went deeper than the egoist's or the weakling's passion for spiritual coddling. There was the dreadful fact that people took cruel spiritual hurts, so cruel that the mere fellowship between man and man was not sufficient to enable people to bear them. And there was the fact to be reckoned with that men inflicted these spiritual wounds involuntarily, unconsciously. He himself was not innocent. How had he ever got the power over other people they showed he had by the way he made them suffer, without his being able to help them? If there was one wrong he shrank from more than another, it was that of tyrannizing over another spiritually. For he knew in his own person what it meant to the victim. Atonement. The idea was born when man sought to right a spiritual wrong. But every way of atonement was foolishness if it added to the suffering. He remembered a sermon that had stuck in his memory, or rather the opening of it, which was all etymology. The preacher was a young fellow, determined to be original. But it was beyond etymology, let alone the singular twist in reasoning that would lay the task of atoning on the creature instead of on creation.

What was responsible in the end for the human shambles of to-day, if not creation? For the horror which cradled every thought, every feeling, every doing and leaving, and that infested even the oblivion of sleep with a sense of intolerable, irremediable wrong, and made of awaking a nightmare? That passed a sponge over the acutest feelings of private life, that made a mist of man's single joys and griefs beside the burning shameful tragedy of the nations? That made of every necessary act of life a guilty thing, because of that

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bleeding human barricade along the front? There, behind the avowed and the exulting instruments of it, lay the dark and distant lair of violence, in the womb of creation itself. Let the peace-mongers track their way thither, and call their wares in that market.

But for himself, he was not content to lay the blame on the beginnings of things. It was there, but it was here and now, too. He groaned under a sense of personal guilt. He could unload it on no other shoulders. Not even on the Government. The governments of the democratic countries were the scapegoats on which every irresponsible egotist, every fool enamored of his own voice, every fanatic worshiping his private fetish, piled up the guilt of the shambles. They could tell you beforehand, or could have if they had been asked, that such and such a measure was doomed to disaster. Safe against betrayal by the incalculable elements in men's natures, secure against committal to the all-decisive art, dealing not with the direction of men but with the manipulation of phrases, they could find excuses for the enemy, see some good in an ally, but no quarter on any ground must be given to their own leaders. A facile inversion had been their way of dealing with the Jingo. It had been enacted in their conventicles that the Government could do no right and the dogma had been fed to the multitude, till all relative values—the only sort that had been won by ages of struggle against the instinct of the mere brute in us—were obliterated, lost in the whirl of furious class passion.

The Bourgeois. Behold the scapegoat for the sins of the world! To taunt and flout the bourgeois had become the badge of respectability of the popes of progress. His little virtue had had its day. He had only conceived the idea of political equality, and fought for it and died for it. He had fancied that he was fighting the battle of mankind, but that was only his self-delusion. In reality he was fighting only for his class, though his banner flew the colors of humanity. To-day, Progress professed to redeem humanity by flatly proclaiming the rights of a class. And there was the curious thing about it that the leaders in this cry were themselves bourgeois. And while so engaged they continued to lead lives indistinguishable from the bourgeois, save in opinion. They were bourgeois born, bourgeois bred, bourgeois housed and clothed and fed and served, but their opinions saved them from being bourgeois damned. The paradox had become a

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sort of jaunty standing joke among themselves. They had the attitude toward the birth of the new era of a skilled and rather fashionable obstetrician, awaiting the advent of the heir he is about to usher into existence. By uncovering the economic motive, they had got society on their slide. And there they sat in the laboratory they had made of the world, and with one eye at the microscope they wrote books, proving that war was impossible because they had proved war didn't pay, and that business efficiency would of itself carry us into the millennium, because poverty didn't pay even to the rich; and all that was needed was a really exhaustive card-catalogue. Scientific viewpoint, correlation, complex of energies, Monistic Sunday sermons, class-consciousness . . .

His thought drifted away from the chorus and turned to the sort of relief that came with the momentary hush that had fallen with the first note of the tocsin. He loathed and hated war. But the meaning of peace to these progressives, the little mechanical future they were plotting and planning, had almost discredited a world not in arms. He did not distrust their sincerity. He distrusted their judgment. They had misjudged both the strength of the forces they were trying to stir in men, and of the forces they were wishing to supersede. He remembered hearing a French socialist publicly pitying the Kaiser, in a speech in New York some fifteen years ago, because he could do nothing that the socialist leaders at Paris and Berlin wouldn't want him to do. And everyone had laughed and applauded. It had become simply bad form to suggest that there was any strength left in the forces of aggression anywhere, except in the bourgeois of your own nation. The fiat had gone forth that there should be a new alignment, and woe to him who did not carry over into it all the old suspicions, hatreds, feuds. New presbyter is old priest, writ large. Oh, for a Milton, for a man to see that the new moral courage was to expose the shallow thinking, the blind vanity, the spiritual tyranny of the new social Pharisee! But Milton was a poet, not a versifier, and he died blind, and amid the ruin of his hopes precipitated by the petty ignorant builders who had thrust themselves and their designs between his vision of freedom and its accomplishment. Blind, but indomitable, bequeathing a last clear song of the unconquerable will to freedom to cheer the night-watcher.

Yes, at night you could still hear the voice of the poets.

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By day, it was otherwise. For the lull rung out by the tocsin had ended almost with its echo. And while the thunder of the trains filled the night yonder in France, pouring the men snatched from their innocent round into the furnace of modern war, the writers were already sharpening their pens, and the talkers getting their tongues into a new twist, to prove that mankind, not their theories, were wrong. The sentimentalists shouted " love your enemies," of course to the soldiers on their own side, and again it was shockingly bad taste to permit your ears to hear the hymns of hate lustily intoned in the opposite camp. Everyone who did hear was branded as a reactionary. And the old impugning of motives went on, and the air was thick with pronunciamentos that the Allies must carry out or be eternally branded as liars and traitors, and meeting after meeting was delivered of programmes for the instantaneous righting of immemorial subtle wrongs, and never a word nor a line about how it was actually to be done. As if it was as easy as lying, or as easy to set up nations in stable and perfect contentment, as to push a man over a cliff or a nation into the bottomless pit of anarchy. And one philosopher straightway wrote a book to prove that the Germans had come to be what they were because they were idealists and mystics, and another wrote a book proving that it was because they were materialists and atheists, and the proofs of both were irrefragable. And he remembered the columns of a little paper published in Switzerland that went into a perfect frenzy of delight over the exposure of the Christian orthodox and their tribal war-gods, until it was suppressed; while the orthodox were heralding a great religious revival, and an English novelist was going about disconcerting people by writing up a new God to suit the occasion, as a panacea for the national breakdown in the attempt to preserve the peace of Europe. Everywhere in the democracies there rose from the leaders of the cohorts they had marshalled before the war the cry of " I told you so "; while the feudal centres, spiritual and terrestrial, sat tight and acted. Their ancient subtlety smiled to see the parties that had long denounced them now industriously forging the weapons to their own undoing; leaving it to the demagogues across the trenches to spill ink for them and write them back into favor, while their iron-clad army spilled the red blood of the manhood served up to them naked of all but their splendid will to resist. But they would in time dig themselves

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into that blood and that will, even as they had dug themselves into the soil of the earth herself. Already human memory, ill-fashioned to remember wrongs not personally suffered, was letting the first horrid facts fade out. The Machine, the monstrous Abstraction, the State, the recognized beloved offspring of the Church her mother, was riding to her long hour of triumph over the single reality, the separate individual man, because, forsooth, he could not conquer himself, because still, like a child, he must have all, or nothing.

Not that there was anything helpful in thinking that way about it. His mind was only at its old trick again,—going over and over to himself, as if somehow it counted in the scheme of things, his repudiation of the wretched ignorance in which mankind was born to welter, his recoil from the presumption of the little minds that had blown themselves into prominence by using the breath of progress to speak with their voices, not her's, his disgust with all the patents served out as ideals. And there slipped into his memory the words of a certain Danish novelist (who would never have gone about now writing up a new God) speaking in the character of an experienced man to a young friend who had noble hopes of how he could serve mankind. And the words were to the effect that his tragedy would not come to him from the enemy: it would come from those who would accept his ideal, and from what they would make of it. So that in the end, it would be to him a vain thing.

And for a moment, against the weary questioning that spun itself like a web into every nook and corner of his brain, there rose the picture of this author, who had died with the close of his youth. He saw him as a friend had depicted him, already dying, in his little room, filled with the perfume of hyacinths, which he loved, with his mother beside him, at his work. Beautiful unalloyed things he wrote, that lingered like a fragrance in the soul. Happy man, to have had so clear a call, and his mother to the end.

And again the desperate loneliness of the creature without parent and without child, the lost feeling of a creature torn from his epoch and flung into a new one, where youth was told that he was its betrayer, one of the old men feeding with avidity on the young sacrificed to his ancient superstitions,—the most infamous lie of all the lies circulated by those hungry for office under the new order,—wrung his soul there in the darkness. If only he could tell his suffering, not for

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himself, but for the others in his case; if he could lodge an appeal against the cruel injustice of it, an appeal that would survive him and his pain as a witness might stand to his testimony until the hour struck when some great advocate would come to take it up and bring it before the tribunal of mankind,—if only he was not doomed to be one of the dumb!

And as if it was the visible symbol of his case, there rose before him the vision of two lads, who stood together sobbing, in terrible uncontrolled grief, on the railway platform in a Swiss town, filled with the first trainload of the refugees of Belgium. Of all the fearful sights of that huddled stricken band, those two boys stood out to him as the worst. Only the eternal protest of his soul, he had felt, could make possible longer living in a world where *that* could come to pass.

The eternal protest of his soul. The thought paused, and stayed with him. Till it became a companion. Until he felt that he was no longer lonely, no longer alone. In that thought his mother was speaking, near and clear her voice sounded as when, long ago, they were poor and shabby and happy together, full of the exquisite happiness of hope. Vague and beautiful hope of a bright and far future, which the work they were so busy on to-day was helping to bring about and to bring near. What if his vocation was to be a part of the eternal protest, protest not by act nor by word nor by pen, but by the anguish of his soul, the wracking of every fibre of his being? Was there no court where these were audible, no judge whose ear heard their cry? Did it not count in that sum of things that embraced so much beyond man's pattering volubility, that, stretched on the incessant rack of life, he had never recanted? That now, when violence had captured to its suffrage a whole people, he could feel a deeper pain, a more obstinate protest, than any which his own private suffering had called forth, in the long struggle when in a thousand insidious ways violence was defacing his soul? On the viewless battlefield where man's spirit fought and fell, his own, though mutilated past recognition, still breathed no surrender. What more need he ask?

As if the last answer to the last question he should put to life had been given, a quiet like the breath of the living air slowly drew into his soul. The thousand details of things receded, and in their place loomed the vast outline of a phase of mankind. A phase of headlong inner dissolution, of furious antipathies, antinomies, of which the red drama on the

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visible stage was the projection; a phase, too, of unexampled sympathies, swift and splendid visions of the beauty inherent in all Nature, of heroic tenderness and stern endurance. In the soul of man the clash of mighty opposites had ploughed the bleeding furrows, and yonder in the shadow of the future stood what new sower, with what new seed? The unfocussed will, the hunted passions, the dry-rot of sentimentalism—all was being ploughed under; but whatever perennial seed the age bore would cleave the sod at the appointed time. High above the battlefield the invisible eternal hands of fallen poets held safe the sacred cup of the wine of life, never purer, never so precious as now.

He opened his eyes, and looked from his high window into the sweep of blue mysterious air, shimmering with the beams of the waning moon. Against it the white towers of the city rose like unlit tapers, and the massed ware-houses were blocked out like humped and giant watchers, against the sheeted silver of the Sound. Across the misty harbor there stole, dark, without bugle or farewell, the great troop-ship toward the first faint whitening of the dawn.

F. V. Keys.

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FACES IN FRANCE

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

ACCORDING to a popular saying on the continent, "You might meet all the World and his wife on the bridge across the Golden Horn." To-day you may meet all the world without his wife behind the lines in France. Kings and Presidents, soldiers and statesmen, authors and artists, capitalists and laborites, priests and prelates, all are passing on what may be likened to the stage of a world cinema.

In the early day Saint Omer was the Headquarters of the British Army in France. This city bearing the mystic appellation of G. H. Q. was a portentous place, athrill with sights of vast significance.

My visits to Saint Omer were memorable occasions because of the faces encountered on its streets, and because of the historic personages sheltered within its unpretentious houses. Into Saint Omer came a cobwebbery of electric wires from all the battlefields, which made that silent little town the heart of all our struggles. Along a dark and obscure side street of the town, I often stopped and pondered where a red and blue light shone dimly through the night. Behind that light was the Commander-in-Chief into whose humble room, as into a whispering gallery, came all the rumors of France.

Coming down the Headquarter's street one afternoon I encountered a face that startled me by the awful prestige which was carried with it. It was Kitchener of Khartoum. I had seen Lord Kitchener once before in Cairo, walking from his official residence clothed in mufti. Then I regarded him as mere man, but now he seemed demiurgic, as he suddenly loomed before me. He was accompanied by Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, but I did not notice him.

Lord Kitchener was wearing the uniform of a Field Marshal, and the passing glimpse which I had of his face made me think of the East, where he had dwelt so long. The pro-

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found and changeless calm of Buddha was written there. Looking at him in his transcendental poise that afternoon it seemed impossible that base calamity could ever overwhelm him.

At the funeral of Sir Thomas Capper in the City of Lilliers, I saw many of the great ones of our Army. Among those that passed in the procession, was a thick-set, peppery little man, quick of movement and imperious of countenance, the whiteness of whose hair accentuated the ruddy color of his face. This was Sir John French, the Commander-in-Chief. I stood rigidly at attention as he passed, and gazed in awe upon the arbiter of all our soldier destinies. This little man for us possessed the attributes of God. His merest word could launch us into bloody battle, or call us back again from death.

Another face and figure lingering with me from the passing pageantry was that of a man who gathered unto himself all the ideals I had for a soldier: that was Sir Douglas Haig, who then commanded the First Army. As he passed a wave of satisfaction swept across me, and I exclaimed within my soul, "At last I have found the soldier of my dreams."

Trained to the minute, like a perfect athlete, Sir Douglas represented the last word of Anglo-Saxon evolution. With a thin, lean, cavalry leg, a slim waist, and broad shoulders, he was such a type as in civil life would easily have flowed out into corpulency. But the General of fifty-four was as trim and neat in figure as a youth of twenty-two. What hard and endless training and riding, and what pride of person, that thin cavalry leg bespoke! To be so perfectly trained, and yet so full of years, seemed almost beyond belief. But my eyes did not belie me.

Sir Douglas was dressed in the plainest service uniform, notable for its absence of gold and crimson that rendered lesser Generals more conspicuous. He wore a pair of oiled Norwegian trench boots, and a fleece-lined British Warm. His face was in harmony with his perfect figure, representing that which the Greeks so loved to find, an equipoise of mind and body.

Sir Douglas Haig was a product of Christ Church College, Oxford, where the classic ideal reigned, and in appearance above all the soldiers that I have ever seen he embodied that ideal. He had a strong jaw, high cheek bones, and a clear blue eye with a V-shaped wrinkle ever breaking at the

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corners which transfused the otherwise dominant features with genial kindness. He was stamped over all with the Anglo-Saxon birthright to command.

To compare the issues of our cause I like to take the face of Haig and the face of Hindenburg and place them side by side. This is a war between the beast and the man, and in these two faces our opposing ideals are clearly contrasted. No woman or child would ever trust themselves in a dark street with a face like that of Hindenburg; they would flee in terror before such a brutal apparition. But the soul of Humanity that shines in the face of Haig is unmistakable.

One Sunday morning I attended church in Air-sur-Lys and that occasion for me was a wonderful vis-à-vis of Somebodies. A smart drill beforehand made us suspicious that Great Ones would be there, and so it proved. When we arrived in the Grande Place we found troops of all arms pouring into the square from every tributary street. It was raining Generals. I never saw such a bevy of Mighty Ones. The insignia of cross-swords was everywhere.

What a sight those army potentates were, their breasts replete with ribbons of many campaigns, from Tel-el-Kebir and the Northern Frontier to South Africa and Thibet! What stories lay behind those ribbons! But one forgot the ribbons when he beheld the faces of the Generals—faces of more fascinating interest could not be imagined. Most of them were cast in a big mold. All were lean and wiry, they looked the picture of mental and physical fitness.

Whilst I was lost in wonder at the sight of the Generals a car rolled up, bearing upon the front the Royal Standard, and while my mouth was agape the King of England stepped out. A sharp command rang out, and we all stood rigid at the salute. The King passed within five feet of me. Here was the living touchstone of our Empire! Then suddenly I came to Earth with a start, a fair-haired boy with a rosy face bounded out of the car and answered the rigid crowd of officers and men with a shy and artless smile. At first the boy appeared so small and young that I took him for one of the lesser Princes; but no, it was the Prince of Wales.

At the end of the church services came the National Anthem, and there in the midst of that singing prayer on his behalf stood the King himself. Behind him were high Admirals, Generals, and Lords of his staff. In the side streets could be heard the clattering hoofs of squadrons of

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cavalry guarding the approaches into the square, and from far above came the thrumming of aeroplanes on the watch for foes from the sky.

The march past was a great spectacle. It was all dull khaki, but it had an aspect of grim business which made it more impressive than all the blazing pageantry of all the Household Guards at home.

That evening I saw the car with the Royal Standard approaching. With several other officers I came to attention at the curbing, and the King gave us a smile whose personal appreciation I shall long remember. Behind His Majesty came a car bearing the Union Jack, and inside I caught a glimpse of Sir John French, who returned our salute with as much personal good-will as the King.

Among all those faces of old-world history makers, I remember two new-world faces that have contributed greatly to that self-same history. I saw General Sir Sam Hughes, while he was on a visit to France, reviewing a detachment of Canadians marching up to the trenches. Behind the face of Sir Sam was a wondrous story, for he above all others was the creator of the Immortal First Canadians; he put our Canadian Army in the field, and put them there with utmost speed. Sir Sam's face that day bore witness to the fact that his eyes were beholding the reward of his labors. His sleepless, tireless nights and days, from that fateful fourth of August, were productive of that invincible force that marched before him. That day his face bespoke a satisfaction that I am sure none of his political opponents have ever since been able to steal away.

One early morning in the dawn, rushing up with ammunition in the midst of a battle on the Somme, I beheld General Sir Arthur Currie, who now commands the Canadian corps. General Currie's First Canadians were attacking that morning, and the General stood on a hilltop gazing out with his glasses toward the smoking, thundering line. What romance was gathered up in my flashing glimpse of that Canadian General! A few years before he was an unknown business man in Canada, but now he was in part director of one of the greatest battles of the world.

General Sir Arthur Currie's transformation is the miracle wrought by war. America saw this same miracle often in the days of her civil strife, and soon she may see it again even as wondrously as before. Faces that yesterday were all

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unknown in this land may even yet be shining beside such of the immortals as Grant, and Lee, and Jackson.

To the soldier, the mass of faces one encounters going up and down in France, the commonplace ones, are often as wondrous as those that are famous.

After long, long nights of vigil in the trenches, one returns to the country of man with keenest sense for every passing sight in a world that is human. To the soldier marching back from the delirium of battle, scenes that before were passed unnoticed are now beheld with rapture. The long straight road with Norman poplars, the village square, the tavern door, homes where smoke curls up at nightfall, all these come back as precious sights from a world we had loved and reckoned lost.

With the glorious thought, I am alive again, my eyes would crowd into those thrilling hours a pageantry of sights that no long-drawn monotony of peace could ever marshal. Coming from the trenches the faces that I passed upon the road or in the town or village could not escape me. Like a child I passed big-eyed as in a world enchanted. The mundane things had flown into the realm of fancy, a climbing vine upon the wall, or a light in the window at twilight, were flashes of endless romance. Before they were merely things. But now they were wondrous sights, and so above all were human faces.

When I first arrived in France it seemed to me that most of the faces were always alight with sunshine and gladness. I wrote to my people at home, "You should not be sad, for everyone smiles here in France." But two years of partnership with them in tragedy and pathos gave me the eyes to see their deeper and sadder features. As the shadows flit across the straight and sunlit fields of Flanders, so sadness flitted over those sunlit faces.

Those who say that the French wear their heart on their sleeve must go back to-day and learn a deeper lesson. Mercurial in temperament, with the soaring spirit of the eagle, the French must always show feeling, but their sadness is veiled, except to those that have shared that sadness with them.

During the first winter of the war I passed down the Boulevard de Paris in Havre at the hour when merrymaking was at its zenith.

"Why, this little seaport town outshines Paris," I ex-

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claimed to my pal, as we sat in a thronged café basking in the warmth that shone from the faces of those merrymakers. I had been in Havre before in the days of peace, and I observed that night, "War is like champagne in the way that it brightens the face of a sleepy town."

On a Sunday night two years later I attended mass in the Cathedral at Havre. The Cathedral was crowded, and from the front I gazed back over a mass of upturned faces that were heartbreaking in the depth of sadness written on them. Again at a later time I stood on the steps of the Madeleine in Paris, whilst the crowd came flowing out from a Passion Friday service. Gethsemane and Golgotha were not unknown to that multitude that overflowed beneath the classic pillars of that beautiful church. It was written on their faces. From these experiences I learned that one should go to the churches and not to the cafés to behold the deeper heart of France.

While I was stationed at the Headquarters of the First Army I often attended mass in a little village called Boesingham. It seemed as though I had come from a far off world into the very inner cloisters of that quaintest village. It was far removed from the tide of war, all the able men-folk had gone, and the prevalence of black and thick veils told the pathetic story. When the curé arose to preach, the veils were lifted, revealing faces of most poignant sadness.

Outside the summer sunshine played amongst the vines and flowers of the venerable churchyard where everything was sadly reminiscent of love that had departed. I gazed upon a row of faces in a pew across from mine where sat a mother and three daughters, the whiteness of whose faces showed in strong contrast to their mourning black. The eyes of all these women bore the look which a few of the masters gave our rarest Madonnas.

Sometimes on week days in the market place at Aire I beheld these Madonna-like faces again. But the shadows flown, they passed along in seeming gladness.

A few days before the first fateful gas attack at Ypres, the doomed city was thronged with many faces. Citizenry and soldiery mingled alike in the streets and in the cafés.

Vastly different were the faces that I saw a few days later when the British bugles sounded, "Come for the love of God, Boys!" through the stricken streets of Ypres. Wide-eyed with terror the women fled. The roads that led from Ypres

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that night were full of fleeing faces, white with mute distress, eloquent of sorrow that was deeper still than terror.

I saw whole families fleeing together with all that they could carry in their arms, their *Lares et Penates,* or all that they could gather. I saw bedridden grandparents, and infants-in-arms, helpless to move, being borne along in carts for days. I saw one old woman stricken by the infirmities of age in a wheelbarrow wheeled by a man, perhaps her son, who was also well advanced in years. The man looked scarcely strong enough to save himself, yet he was pressing on with the burden of the old woman whom he loved. The unutterably tragic faces of those stricken two leaped at me in the gloom of that awful hour.

A few days later, several miles back on the road toward Poperinghe, the dead form of the old lady, laid out in the wheelbarrow at the side of the road, told the sad story of her end. What of the anguish-faced old man, that loved her, and was trying to save her? I often wondered of his fate. From such depths of anguish how can faces ever lighten up again and smile?

But the smiles always return. Next year we were back again in that tragic salient, and often in the evening hour, up and down on the streets of Poperinghe, we beheld faces serene with twilight contentment, which a year before had known the terror of Ypres.

The Sea of Galilee is a place of ruling sunshine, but sudden storms from the eastern desert swoop down from its high shores and in a twinkling envelop all in blackness. Then comes the sunshine again as quickly, and all the blackness seems departed. So it is with the faces in France. Now and again stark terror swoops upon them, or poignant grief rains down, but this aspect of foreboding comes and goes as swiftly as the storms of Galilee. In spite of all their tears and all their woes, sunshine prevailed upon the faces that I saw in France.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

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A YEAR OF FOOD ADMINISTRATION

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

It is appropriate and interesting, after a year of operation of the Food Administration, to note how thoroughly that instrumentality has been guided and controlled by the cardinal principles expressed in the statements of the President and of the Food Administrator issued in connection with the inauguration of the programme of food control in the Spring of 1917. In those statements, the following principles stand out: The encouragement of production through the protection of the interests of the producer; a resolute scrutiny of costs and trade practices in the great producing and distributing food trades; an insistence upon the principle in the dealings of these trades of the "reasonable profit" and no more; the segregating by requisition or otherwise of the food stocks necessary for the war purposes of America and the Allies; the utilization as far as possible of the extant machinery of the food trades without radical and unnecessary reorganization; the maintenance of the food trades in the hands of their legitimate agents; the establishment of food distribution, if necessary, upon a scientific nutritional basis; the conservation of food and the elimination of waste by the people of the United States; the centralization of responsibility and the decentralization of administration; the dependence upon volunteer coöperation by all classes, producers, distributors and consumers.

Taking these up in order we find that though there has been in some cases a change of emphasis, though a proper regard for the vested interests of one department or another, one trade or another, and the limitations imposed by the Food Control Law, has demanded a suiting of the pattern to the cloth to be cut, these principles remain as substantially written into the history of the first year of the Food Administration as they were first written into its doctrine.

By the preliminary allocation of functions the encourage-

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ment of production on the part of the farmer, the gardener, and the cattle raiser belongs rather more to the Department of Agriculture than to the Food Administration. And yet the Food Administration cannot either in its acts of omission or commission avoid touching the matter of production. Aside from the fact that the Food Control Law as drawn is explicit in extending encouragement to production of wheat, not an act of the Administration can be taken without a regard for the interests of the producing class. The prices paid for food commodities for the use of the armies, the regulations imposed upon the food trades, the suggestions made to the American people as to the management of diet in war time, are all influenced by the primary necessity of fostering the production of food.

In its scrutiny of costs and trade practices the Food Administration has been able to depend upon the machinery of the Federal Trade Board and the Department of Agriculture and the investigations of other departments of the Government in particular fields, supplemented by the researches of the large Statistical Division of the Administration and of its several experts. Thanks to the scientific nature of their conclusions the Food Administration has been able to avoid the dangers of explicit price fixing, and to indicate for a variety of food trades the margins of reasonable profit.

As we shall notice when we come to consider the attitude of the Food Administration toward price-fixing, the Government in its wartime food administration has evaded almost every opportunity to reveal the hand of authority and force. Though the Food Control Law gives it mandatory and punitive powers, it has consistently secured its ends by agreement rather than by compulsion, and it has avoided appealing to the courts to enforce its decrees. This has undoubtedly been a matter both of principle and of policy with the Government. So carefully has the method of moral and social suasion been followed that the average American has forgotten how powerful is the pressure behind the kindly suggestions of the Administration.

That this pressure is in some cases stronger than the force of the enacted law is shown in the handling of the power to requisition food for the Allies and for our own armies. The power to requisition is a drastic power—so drastic indeed that the Food Administration has preferred to secure its results through recourse to the ordinary dynamics of trade. The

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United States Government is now the largest buyer in the history of the world. So stupendous is the force it exerts as a buyer that it is more important that regard be given to the interests of the millions of little buyers with whom the Government is entering into competition than to the measures to draw out the wares. By its own force as buyer the Government draws out the commodity. It is not necessary to requisition but to stabilize.

The story of conservation and the elimination of waste has been told so often that it is not necessary to repeat it here. By its nature the conservation programme has been carried on in full view of the people of the United States. Nor is it necessary to review the measures by which the food trades were drawn together into common war service. In both these activities it has been the purpose of the Food Administration to maintain and perpetuate the stable morale of the American people both personally and institutionally. The Food Administration was created to be a bulwark of the American people under the unaccustomed conditions of war. It was not created to seize the chaos of war as an opportunity to exploit economic and social experiments. The Food Administration could hope to succeed only by calling into the service of the nation the men and women who had made themselves proficient in the handling of food. If they offered to the Government and to the people in their need the organization they had built up in peace they were performing acts of service and patriotism. But a very great many went further and at the call of the Government either restricted their businesses or closed them up entirely. The Food Administration is built upon the national organizations of the food trades, drastically reconstructed to serve military needs. And while thousands of men in the food trades are working for the Government no line runs from the Food Administration offices to any private establishment. No advantage can come to any food dealer from association with the Food Administration. On the other hand, as many know to their cost, much disadvantage has come to some from the association, on the theory that the innocent bystander is most likely to be hit.

Looking back over the early history of the Food Administration one is surprised at the apparent ease with which momentous steps were taken. By what eloquence were the appeals pointed by which American business men would drop

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their affairs and take a summer trip to Washington at a word of suggestion? By what magic has the Food Administration entered twelve million or more American homes with its message of saving and service in the kitchen? Of course, the plea of patriotism is all powerful. Americans were anxious to "do their bit" and they were glad to start with this slightest and most intimate bit of all. And the plea for the starving soldiers in Europe was very potent indeed. But with all honor to these higher if vaguer forces there were other conditions of a more immediate nature which were urging the people to conform. The disorganization of all systems of American life, social, economic and intellectual, made possible reorganizations which would have been inconceivable under normal conditions. Men were looking for leaders of clear vision and ready execution upon whose judgment they could depend. They were seeking haven from markets shattered and distracted by the threat of war and by the practices of the speculator.

By the time the Lever Bill was finally passed and signed on August 10 the American people had accepted the Food Administration. It was the first agency to awaken their imaginations to the meaning of the war and to their obligations in it. It offered them their first opportunity of service and self-sacrifice. The management of the Administration gave them confidence in the firm hand and ready wits in control. While other men found their way hampered by criticism and suspicion Mr. Hoover's greatest danger lay in the backfire which would inevitably follow a too great popularity. In insisting that the Food Administration should be looked upon as an institution and not as a projection of a personality he at the same time protected himself against the danger of becoming a fetish and secured that variety of expert service and outlook that permitted the Administration to turn a fresh face to its many problems.

The Food Control Law is explicit in forbidding certain practices. It also is explicit in providing certain power. And yet neither its prohibitions nor its commands are of such a nature as to provide the utmost of force as a legal mandate apart from the support of public opinion. The punishments provided for the violations of the law are light. For one large class of illegal practices, extortion on the part of retailers, no punishment is provided. The provisions against hoarding, speculation and unjust profits are of such a nature

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as to be effective only through coöperation with the trades concerned. In one way the fragility of the law as a mandatory instrument was advantageous. It brought into play in the operation of the law those forces of patriotism released by the war whose expression was more effective than any amount of arbitrary authority.

The system of license is to be explained as the means whereby the voluntary coöperation of the food trades of the country is moulded into the execution of the national will as revealed in the Food Control Law and in the decrees of the Food Administration. The license system enlists the patriotic majority for the control of the recalcitrant or seditious minority. It is more a system of convenient administration than of governmental control. By means of the license system the trade is protected as well as is the Government. It provides standards where standards are much needed. It relieves of the anxiety of competition under unfair conditions. The punishments provided for the violation of the license provisions are of a new and interesting order. While backed by the power to take criminal action, punishments have been as a rule of that more direct order that attacks the licensee's right to do business. Revocation of license is a much more serious punishment than a fine and much more easy of application.

No problem in the first year of the Food Administration's history has involved considerations of such subtle and far-reaching importance as the matter of price-fixing. Aside from the inherent difficulties of the subject as an economic doctrine, the Food Law was so constructed and hedged about as further to confuse the issues of the Administration in its attitude toward this question. In other words, the Food Administration both is and is not at the same time a price-fixing body. It cannot escape taking both sides of the road with the inevitable disadvantages that come to one who travels in this way.

By Section 14 of the Lever Bill, which became the Food Control Law, the President is authorized from time to time to determine and fix a reasonable guaranteed price for wheat, and this Section itself fixes the price for the crop of 1918 at not less than $2.00 per bushel at the principal interior primary markets. Pursuant to this Section the President has, by two separate decrees, set the price of 1917 wheat and of the 1918 crop at $2.20 per bushel. Section 11 of the Law

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authorizes the President to purchase and store and sell wheat and flour, meal, beans and potatoes. Manifestly any purchase so made by the Government would in effect fix the price. Aside from these delegations of power no authority is given by the Food Control Law to fix prices. And yet a study of the operations of these provisions as well as a regard for the implications of other functions of the Food Administration carry the conviction that price-fixing is a necessary and inescapable corollary of the effective prosecution of the Food Administration programme.

Every argument of policy and inclination warned the Food Administrator against entering the field of price-fixing. That field is a melancholy and trackless morass, which no one would enter with his eyes open unless empowered from Above to "remake the sorry scheme of things entire." Mr. Hoover has been explicit in repudiating the idea that the Food Administration is a price-fixing body. On August 25, 1917, this statement was issued: "Mr. Hoover wishes to state emphatically that there is no foundation for any statement that the Food Administration has any intention to fix prices of beef or pork products." On November 7 of the same year it was announced by his authority: "The Food Control Act does not authorize the Food Administration to fix prices to the grower of beans, but it has the responsibility of preventing the various agencies in distribution from exacting unreasonable profits." Again on February 25, 1918, Mr. Hoover said: "I wish to say at once and emphatically that the Food Administration is not a price-fixing body, except with regard to certain commodities which to-day are dominated by wholly abnormal over-seas commercial relations."

We see in these three quotations the clear inclination of the Food Administrator, which undoubtedly reflected the intent of Congress, to interpret the duties of the Food Administration as precluding the powers of price-fixing. And yet, though the inclination is clear, in no one of these quotations, nor in any other utterance of the Food Administrator or his authorized agents, has it been said that the Food Administration is not and cannot under any circumstances be a price-fixing body. Much as an executive might wish to take such a position, the clear logic of the case is against him. There are many evidences that price-fixing has come to lodge itself as an unwelcome factor in the programme of the Food

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Administration. Price-fixing came to be a fact even while avoided as a theory, and eventually it has become necessary to face it, if not to accept it, even as a theory.

What are the evidences that price-fixing is essentially involved in the programme of the Food Administration? One piece of evidence lies in the fact that when once you have fixed the price of one commodity the condition is bound to be reflected in other commodities. Price-fixing in one commodity is, in fact, the monetization of that commodity, whereby it is made the standard of value of all other commodities. In fixing the price of wheat Congress fixed as well, though not so explicitly, the price of corn, and hogs, and sugar beets. The determining and administering of these prices it left to the Food Administration.

A further evidence that the Food Administration could not avoid the onus of price-fixing lies in the reasons for which the Administration was brought into existence and the services it was created to perform. The Food Administration is a war agency. Its chief purpose is the feeding of warring nations, our own nation and the Allies. All its other activities, its conservation, its stabilization of trade processes, its encouragement of production, are tributary to the one purpose of segregating stocks of food for the effective prosecution of the war. This latter purpose, in fact, takes the Food Administration directly or indirectly into the market. As the agent and correspondent of the Army, the Navy, the Allies and the Neutrals in the American food markets the Food Administration wields a power of purchase which, indiscriminately handled, would amount to cornering the market.

In such a situation a double set of responsibilities arise, the responsibility toward its clients, the Army, Navy, and Allied and Neutral nations, and responsibility toward the mass of the American people, with whom, in fact, the Food Administration, in its capacity as agent, would be coming into competition and "bulling" the market. In fact, these responsibilities are one, but unless their dual nature is accepted the interests of the one or the other will soon be found to suffer. These responsibilities can be met only in case the Food Administration accepts fully the powers its commanding place in the market awards to it as opportunities for service to the producer and the consumer.

Its responsibility toward the official agencies of the war

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the Food Administration accepted through the establishment of a Division of Coördination of purchase which works in companionship with the Federal Trade Board and the interested purchasing agencies. To each of these the Food Administration helps to allocate stocks of foods; it helps further by distributing orders equitably to different trade agencies. But the Food Administration cannot stop there. This is but the beginning of its service and its responsibilty. Beyond the supplying of stocks to official buyers it has the far-reaching responsibility of maintaining a steady and increasing flow from the producers and of maintaining the morale and the nutrition of the mass of the population which is supporting the war. In such a case as this, no mere academic fear of the bogy of price-fixing will prevent the Administration from seizing the opportunity for service that lies near at home. As the world's largest buyer the Food Administration does in fact control prices. The only question will be whether these are to be controlled broadly for the interest of the people and the encouragement of production, or narrowly for the presumable interest only of the official buyers.

To such a question as this there can be only one answer. If that answer is damned by the title of " price-fixing " the critic must make the most of it. The power by which the Government fixes the price for, say, ten per cent of the nation's produce cannot be limited in its influence to that ten per cent. If the price is too low it will discourage production and must be made up by the ninety per cent. If ten per cent of the products of the country are drawn arbitrarily from the markets the disorganization and the famine that follow cannot be justified by the apology that the Government had not fixed prices. If the price paid for hogs is not adjusted to the price paid for corn, the depletion of livestock in the pen will not make up for the polite economic record of those responsible for the purchases. We have come into new days and we are wielding forces of a world magnitude. By the sudden stress of circumstances we have been compelled to assume duties and functions which could never have been justified by the consideration of pre-war times.

What have been the results of the campaign for general food conservation? Around this question revolve some of the chief perplexities of the Food Administration. If success in the campaign for conservation is to be measured alone by the quantities of food saved by the American people out of

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their allowances, little more than a qualified success can be claimed. Conservation to be effective must be made up of two types of activity. It must represent a certain amount of self-denial on the part of the people by which certain quantities are added to the available stores. But this self-denial must be matched by an adequate machinery to gather and make effective the stores saved. No amount of conservation will be worth much without a closely organized programme of utilization. These two must, in fact, go together and supplement and enforce each other. The principle of conservation has now gone so far that certain amounts of wheat and meat can be segregated in advance for shipment abroad in confidence that the supplies will be forthcoming through the economies of the Food Administration machinery supplemented by the economies of the American household.

The campaign for conservation has led to some saving. We have shipped to the Allied nations more beef, pork and wheat than we ever shipped before. Whether we as a people have shipped as much as we might ideally have shipped is another question. And we may not be able to tell until after the war, if then, how much our surplus of shipments over the normal pre-war average is to be credited to personal conservation and how much to the rigorous and careful handling of food stocks by the trade instrumentalities of the Food Administration. Undoubtedly an important part of the increase has come through the very simplification of issues entailed by the war. The war suddenly made certain choices simple if not easy. It was the business of the Food Administration to interpret these choices with an eye single to the winning of the war. In so doing a certain amount of saving was made possible. Saving was secured as well through a narrower interpretation of necessary margins of safety in the several processes of warehousing and distribution.

On the side of conservation by the consumer as such, a distinction is to be drawn between personal and institutional conservation. It has been comparatively easy to secure the latter class of conservation. Governmental and State institutions, hospitals, asylums, hotels, railroad and steamship restaurants, even army cantonments, have so reconstructed their kitchen arrangements as to eliminate waste and thereby to add substantially to the available stores of food. Every argument of interest as well as patriotism led them to a rigorous overhauling of their commissary budgets. When it comes to

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personal conservation the matter is not so simple. The Food Administrator had from the beginning repudiated the idea of high prices as an incentive to saving. Conservation was always possible by high prices, but this was the conservation of starvation. It was the conservation that laid its heaviest burden on those least able to bear it. Though it has not been possible to lower war-time prices to peace-time standards, the Food Administration has exerted all its force to keep prices from reflecting the abnormal pressure on the market. In striving for this end the Administration was setting aside one of the strongest instruments for enforcing saving by the ultimate consumer. Though America has not gone as far as England has gone in the matter of bread, the effort has been made to protect the worker against high prices, even to absolve certain sections of the community from some of the sacrifices demanded of their better conditioned neighbors. While this principle has been justified both here and abroad in the morale of the people, it is clear that the end so sought is not entirely consistent with a programme of universal saving of food. America has had to become accustomed to the idea that while a great proportion of our population is willing conscientiously to join the programme of conservation, there are others to whom the increased wages of war-time have brought higher standards of living, who neither will nor can reasonably be expected to conserve.

There are some who believe that the campaign for conservation has been effective more in preparing the minds of the people for the rigorous measures to be put into effect than in securing concrete saving. Certainly a great advance in national attitude has taken place in a year. The people have learned to trust the Food Administration, and in learning to trust an institution that comes into such intimate contact with their lives they have found that the Government as a whole has taken on some of the qualities of personality. Many of the measures of the Food Administration are mandatory. They are put forth with authority. And yet the real force that put the "fifty-fifty" rule for wheat saving into operation came not from the arm of any food law but from the understanding and sympathy of the people themselves. Recalcitrants there are, of course, and thoughtless and forgetful people who cannot be called either recalcitrant or disloyal. But the great body of the people are helping the Food Administration in its efforts to help them to win the war.

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The real hoarding the country has had to be afraid of has not been the hoarding in bins and elevators or even in stores. Stocks so hoarded are too easily traced to be the source of anything but trouble for the speculator. The hoarding that has kept the sugar men and the wheat men awake nights has been the hoarding of a little bit—a half dozen pounds or so—in private homes. No matter how large its reserves might be, no nation could long withstand such a "run on the bank." As credit is the biggest asset of a bank, so credit is the greatest asset of this department of the Government. People now know that the United States is solvent in meats and sugar and wheat. And this knowledge and the increased solvency that it in turn creates are a tremendous source of power to the Government in time of war.

Mr. Hoover has always discouraged the use of his name in connection with the Food Administration. He wishes the Food Administration to be thought of as an institution and not as the projection of the personality of any one man. And so I am leaving to the end what I consider to be the most significant quality of the Food Administration, which is that it is an institution with a soul. For an explanation of this one must always look to Mr. Hoover. He has infused a large—a very large—institution with personality. Mr. Hoover is a citizen of the world. He is a cosmopolite. But one needs to look as well to other men, particularly to the business men in the food trades who have brought all the skill and technique of their callings to Washington and turned them over to the Government. Theirs was a new brand of patriotism as unusual as it was serviceable. We have seen time-hallowed systems thrown into the waste-basket; we have observed the cheerful scrapping of machines by the men who had invented them; and institutions built up with the enthusiasm for profit have been turned over to the Government with the enthusiasm of service. In a time in which the major gifts to civilization are being multiplied by millions, in the cheering offerings of fresh young lives, one hesitates to mention the services of men of trade. And yet these men are giving what they have, and the manner in which they have made the gift has done honor to them and to their country.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON.

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PROHIBITION VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. JOHN COLE McKIM, M.A., B.D.

FEW persons will, I think, deny that the principal strength of the agitation in favor of prohibition lies in a sort of religious fervor based upon the belief that the use of beverages containing alcohol in any quantity whatever is in itself a wrong. Thus Congressman Keating, replying to the statement that prohibition fails to prohibit, is reported as saying that one might as well urge the repeal of the laws against stealing and murder because these laws do not absolutely prevent the crimes they prohibit. The analogy breaks down on more than one point, but this classification of drinking as crime is characteristic.

The position is common to Prohibitionists as a whole. One religious journal which I often see has an editorial writer who straddles the fence by asserting that while the use of such beverages is a "natural right," the dealers are so completely in league with the vicious elements of society that prohibition is the only resort. Apart from the ethical weakness of this position, apart from the statement about dealers which, made in this sweeping way, is a slander, it is enough to note that this is so far from being the common position of prohibitionists, that the writer's own editorial colleagues do not appear to endorse it. If the people now on the dry side were all convinced that to drink is a "natural right," prohibition would be dealt a shrewder blow than it has ever yet received.

This feeling which, fifty or sixty years ago, was founded on the conviction that what is abused by some should be forbidden to all—a position which, thus crudely stated, was rejected by nearly all Christian moralists and by most secular ethicists—has, of late years, gained much strength from certain so-called "scientific" arguments. These arguments, which consist to a very great extent in the dressing up of

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erroneous premises so as to make them suggest conclusions which need not follow from them, form in themselves a very curious subject of study. The present writer is concerned with them only in so far as they are employed to bolster up the religious or semi-religious presentation of the prohibitionist cause.

The prohibitionist often claims that it is now clear, as the result of scientific investigation, that alcohol, in any quantity whatever, is injurious to human beings, if taken internally, and that this injury is mental and moral as well as physical. Hence it is sinful to use these beverages, not on the old ground that they are abused by some, but for the new and (if true) entirely valid reason that they are injurious to all. This prohibitionist statement of course ignores a vast body of scientific and medical opinion which rejects it. It also ignores, what is still more important, the experience and belief of human beings throughout almost the whole of history.

So cleverly have these statements been published and exploited, so loudly have the conclusions which they seem to involve been dinned in our ears, that the prohibitionist confidently expects us to *impose his tenets upon posterity*[1] by the passing of a Constitutional amendment.

Consistently with this position, and with this position only,—that the drinking of these beverages is in itself sinful,—the prohibitionist has striven both consciously and unconsciously to banish the practice from otherwise respectable surroundings, and to force it into an association with other vices. In these efforts he has attained a measurable degree of success, and this, in turn, has lent a new wing to his army. For now, even if one differ with him to the extent of protesting, however feebly, that drinking is a "natural right," one can still endorse his propaganda and avoid his often unpleasant censures, by pointing to this association of "natural right" with recognized wrong, and making it one's "reason" for upholding prohibition. One can do this if one is willing to be a moral milksop. But to vote that what one regards as a natural right shall be declared forever illegal, is cowardly, un-American, and un-Christian. In this connection it is peculiarly un-Christian. That is what this paper is written to point out.

[1] For some justification of the use of this phrase see a very able article in The North American Review of February, 1918, by Fabian Franklin.

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The prohibitionist has not been so cordially received in those Christian bodies which are known as distinctively traditional in their teaching as in those that are less so. Practically every Protestant body in the United States has introduced the ceremonial use of some non-alcoholic beverage where, formerly, wine was employed. But nowhere in the world has this been true of the Anglican Communion, the Roman Catholic Church, or of the Oriental "Orthodox"[1] churches. These all retain the use of true wine in the sacrament of the altar. A certain small amount of prohibitionist agitation within the Episcopal Church—due in part, perhaps, to the number of unassimilated converts which it contains—has not in the least affected the rubrics governing this practice. So strong, indeed, is the feeling with which Anglicans regard the prohibitionist propaganda, that prohibition, even as a war measure, has been opposed by some of them.[2]

This sharp differentiation relates not only to religious rites. Most of us remember the late Bishop Potter's "subway saloon," which was denounced by prohibitionists, whose faith in the ability of drink to degrade weakens so far as to make them desire that every other possible influence shall be brought to bear in order to debase the drinker.

The "abolition of the army canteen" was due to a prohibitionist agitation which, so far from treating the drinking of beer as a "natural right," insisted upon carrying the day in a manner calculated to expose our soldiers to dangers from which the canteen was some sort of protection.

I believe it to be altogether better that the Government itself should furnish the men with honest drink in decent surroundings, than that they should be allowed to walk five miles in search of "rotgut" and disease. If the men are to be compelled to accept in practice the prohibitionist religion, they ought not to be given any leave of absence, for they will probably find the worst possible drink in the most vicious surroundings at the nearest point which the vendors can reach.

If the men want beer, let them have good beer. Prohibition has not raised the fighting value of the Russians, nor does beer appear to have been abolished by our more active

[1] Russian, Greek, Serbian, etc.

[2] More especially in England. Were it not associated in their minds with a cultus which arouses their instinctive suspicions, Prohibition *during the war* might have received their support.

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Allies and our highly efficient enemy. The only consistent objection can come from those who believe that beer is, in itself, a wrong. It is, of course, ludicrous to say that to drink beer is a " natural right " but that it is wrong to exercise this right in any conceivable circumstances.

It is not, then, simply that Catholics fear an attack upon their religious practices, although the religious animus of the typical prohibitionist, as well as actual legislation in some States, more than justifies their uneasiness on this ground. Nor is it only on broadly ethical grounds that they base their opposition, though here also their case seems, to the present writer, invulnerable. Beyond all this there seems to be an almost instinctive antagonism as between prohibition on the one hand and traditional Christianity on the other. The latter has sensed a thrust at its very heart. It is not this, that, or the other thing that is jeopardized. It is an essential truth of religion.

Briefly stated, the Christological objection to prohibitionism is, of course, something like this: Christ, being divine and consequently infallible, could not have erred. Since it is well known that Christ used wine Himself and gave it to others, and since this use of wine by both Christ and by His earliest disciples[1] was social as well as sacramental, prohibitionism involves an attack upon a teaching regarded as fundamental by the followers of traditional Christianity. Prohibitionism is not inconsistent with Mohammedanism. Mr. Chesterton in his brilliant *The Flying Inn* has noticed this affinity as between Mohammedanism and Prohibition. More recently His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has been quoted in a similar sense. Nor is the connection a forced one. A purely negative asceticism is characteristic of the Oriental cults (which accounts, by the way, for the immense popularity of Schopenhauer in some Asiatic countries). It is quite foreign to the spirit of Christianity. Mohammedanism speaks of Christ as a mere prophet, and attempts (with the indifferent success which so often attends prohibitionist efforts) to enforce total

[1] This fact shows the inapplicability of two texts often quoted by prohibitionists, I. Cor. VIII, 8, " If meat maketh my brother to stumble I will eat no meat while the world standeth——," and I Thes. V, 22, " Abstain from every appearance (or form) of evil." Context shows that the danger apprehended from the use of meat consecrated to idols is not gluttony but idolatry. To make the second text apply to moderate drinking, the prohibitionist must (a) read his conclusion into his premise and (b) make St. Paul's own practice and his deliberate advice to a younger clergyman (cf. I Tim. V, 23) inconsistent with his avowed principles.

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abstinence upon its followers; but Prohibitionism does appear to be inconsistent with the teaching that Christ, an infallible Being, offers in His Manhood a perfect example to mankind.

But there are quarters in which this objection, as just stated, would be denounced as crude and unlearned because it fails to take into account what is somewhat vaguely known as the Kenotic Theory.[1] In its boldest form, this theory, which is largely the product of German scholarship, seems to involve a complete nullification of the divinity of Christ. But the name of the "modified Kenotic" theories is legion, and some of them are held to be not inconsistent with traditional Christian teaching, though by no means a necessary part of it. The theological teaching at Oxford, which at the end of the last century was measurably dominated by German ideas, came to be associated with some of these modifications of the Kenotic Theory. In this modified form it found for itself a somewhat uncertain place in Anglican theological literature, and also, to an even smaller extent, among English-speaking Roman Catholics. Needless to say, the Protestant world, so generally dominated by German learning, was profoundly affected by the Kenotic Theory even in its most uncompromising forms.

To be brief, the various Kenotic theories concern themselves with the extent of the human limitations to which Christ was subjected while on this earth. Especially is this true with regard to Christ's human knowledge. It will be seen that there is here room for great variation among the various Kenotic theologians, and that it is not always easy for Catholic authorities to determine at just what point legitimate theorizing has ceased and an actual inconsistency with orthodox teaching has become involved. For from the Catholic point of view, a Christian is free to say what he likes so long as his utterances do not contain or involve a denial of any Christian truth, and so long as he does not represent his purely personal views as being articles of the faith which all are bound to subscribe.

What the Church teaches positively with regard to Christ's human limitations is that they were such as to make Him absolutely subject to all human affliction, mental, physical, and moral,[2] in accordance with the ordinary laws to which

[1] From the Greek word Κένωσις, an emptying; depletion.

[2] He was "tempted in all points like as we are."—Heb. IV, 15.

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mankind is subject. There was no intervention of supernatural power to alleviate these. On the other hand, He was not unable to exercise miraculous powers on behalf of others, and, in particular, He is, both in precept and example, an infallible guide in faith and morals.

From many statements of their case, I infer that prohibitionists rely strongly upon Kenosis[1] to win the support of Christians who are keenly alive to the evils of excess in the use of drink—evils which are partly the result of conditions for which prohibitionists are largely responsible.

Prohibitionist Kenosis may, I think, be stated briefly as follows: *The limitations of Christ's human knowledge were such that He could not know (as we know) the utter and absolute harmfulness of all beverages containing alcohol. This being the case, we follow Him in the spirit rather than in the letter by urging prohibition.*

There are three minor objections to this position which I would like to state briefly before passing on to what I regard as the main reason for the final rejection of prohibitionist Kenosis:

(a) We do not *know* that all beverages of this description are invariably harmful. In fact, the weight of scientific evidence and of human as well as religious experience is heavily on the other side. Some people *believe* in this invariable harmfulness, but in doing so they make an act of faith and embrace not a scientific, but a religious, tenet which is, in the present writer's opinion, inconsistent with and antagonistic to Christian belief. As a matter of fact, our general knowledge of the use and abuse of drink is scarcely greater than was that of those who lived in the Roman Empire in New Testament times. In this, as in most matters, science has not so much discovered effects hitherto unknown as it has revealed in great detail the natural processes by which known effects are produced.

(b) As we have seen, the holder of even a legitimate Kenotic theory becomes anti-Christian if he maintains this theory to be anything more than an opinion which other Christians are free to hold or not, as they see fit.[2] For a religious body, still maintaining the Divinity of Christ, to

[1] I do not, of course, mean that these pamphleteers would in all cases recognize their theological premise by its technical name.

[2] The strongest plea of the legitimate Kenotist is that he enables some persons to accept Christianity who, without the aid of this theory, would be intellectually unable, though entirely willing, to do so.

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add prohibitionism to its religious tenets, or to incorporate total abstinence in its discipline, would imply that the sect concerned had made the acceptance of some Kenotic theory a condition of Church membership. Not only would this involve an interference with true Christian liberty, but the position assumed would be philosophically untenable.

(c) That important individual, described by many who profess solicitude for his welfare as "the man in the street," is usually and quite properly uninterested in the details of theological controversy. His business may be "labor" or law or medicine or commerce, but theology it certainly is not. He needs *religion*. He is the better for worshipping God; for pleading the atoning sacrifice of Christ. What little theological knowledge he needs in order to fulfill these duties had best be given him in his boyhood and youth. There is, of course, such a thing as the theological mind, but the average layman does not have it, and while he can, and frequently does, believe in a few helpful truths, simply and clearly stated, he is likely to be repelled if he be compelled to listen to the minutiæ of theology and to modifying theories for the consideration of which his secular work (the due performance of which is a Christian duty) leaves him no time.

We shall not, if we are wise, bother him with the Kenotic Theory. And if he does not know the Kenotic Theory (the chances are that he has never heard of it), his ideas (when he comes to form them) as to whether or not prohibitionism is consistent with Christian belief, are likely to form themselves on the lines of the "crude" statement which I have already outlined.

Of course, men have often, for a time, held mutually inconsistent beliefs without thinking very hard about them. But logic gets its way in the long run.

But the whole notion that any form or modification of the Kenotic Theory can possibly reconcile the prohibitionist tenets to traditional Christianity is inherently absurd. For it involves the proposition that, although Christ was so far subject to human limitations that He was unaware of the (alleged) harmfulness of all alcoholic beverages to the physical, mental, and moral nature of man, He was, at the same time, so far free from these limitations that He was, Himself, immune to these effects!

It thus becomes necessary for the Kenotic prohibitionist to claim for Him a freedom from human limitations which

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must unite Catholic to Modernist in emphatic denial, and which vitiates the whole teaching of the Incarnation because it implies (what traditional Christianity denies) an intervention of supernatural power to save the human nature of Christ from an injury to which, in the ordinary course of nature, it would be liable (and which, owing to a suspension of that power, He could not possibly foresee). I pass over the frequently seen but unsupported assertion that the "wine" of the Last Supper was not true wine but unfermented grape-juice. The Last Supper took place in Spring, and it belongs to the "limitations" of that period that unfermented grape-juice could not be kept until Spring. Even were this not the case, the Greek word employed is one which is always used to describe true wine.

Furthermore, unless there has been a similar unheard-of intervention in their behalf, these alleged deplorable effects have been operative for nineteen centuries upon a vast number of Christians, including all Catholic priests and, until quite recently, most Protestant ministers who have used wine in sacramental or memorial rites. If the universal harmfulness of wine were really a "scientific fact," it is a wonder that the prohibitionist Moslems did not overrun Christian Europe centuries ago.

Of course it is not a scientific fact. It is a superstitious belief. But it forms the only philosophical basis upon which a conscientious man can vote for the proposed Constitutional amendment. For unless one is convinced that any use of beverages containing alcohol is always and everywhere wrong, it is cowardly and un-Christian to vote that it shall be always and everywhere illegal.

It is cowardly. For it is the counsel of despair to act upon the assumption that there will always exist conditions such as would forbid all exercise of what one believes to be a natural right.

And it is un-Christian to join hands with those who are doing their very best, on the basis of anti-Christian assumptions, to make it forever impossible for American men to do what is, on Christian hypotheses, entirely permissible.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE PRETTY LADY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

AMONG those possible alterations in the soul of man and the ways of his life which some of us are trustful enough to look for as an outcome of the War, there are two which, though they are not likely to involve a revolution, yet hold for certain restless spirits a potential richness of gratification.

First, we hope that the stress of post-bellum reconstruction may sober our American newspapers into the habit of direct and honest speech: the habit of writing lucid and candid English. It is, of course, a fond delusion of city editors, reformed reporters, and schools of journalism, that newspaper training teaches a man to compose direct, terse and simple English—that the newspaper is a good school for young writers. If you would learn to write English with vigor, force, compactness (they tell us), get a job as reporter on a daily newspaper. Nothing could be further from the truth. When Stevenson spoke of "the copious Corinthian baseness of the American reporter" he was thinking of the reporter's style, not of his morals. "Copious"—"Corinthian"—"base": that characterizes the typical quality of most newspaper writing. Copious rather than compact, Corinthian rather than simple, base rather than honest—those are harsh epithets: but are they not justly applied to a tradition of English usage which requires a writer to say, not that a woman is pregnant, or with child, but that she is "in a delicate condition"; not that a man is drunk, but that he is "under the influence of liquor"; not that some reprobate has committed rape or seduction, but that he has been "guilty of a statutory offense"? English that is good enough for the Old Testament, the Gospels, the classics, and the

[1] *The Pretty Lady*, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co., 1918.

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masters of modern prose, is not good enough for the reporter and the copy-reader.

We do not need to be reminded that admirable writing intrudes at times into the American newspaper. That is perfectly true: we are extremely familiar with the fact, duly grateful for it, and we do not require to have it brought to our attention. We are not unmindful of a long tradition of brilliant and accomplished English in the case of certain editorial columns, certain specialists, certain inspired narrators. These we salute. Our point is that the common run of newspaper writing—the sort of writing that fills column after column of our chief newspapers day after day, and the sort of tradition it derives from and indicates—ignores and contravenes those elementary virtues of English style which a newspaper training is supposed to conserve and foster. We mean that our newspaper writing, as it may be observed from day to day—chiefly in the news columns—reeks with almost every conceivable viciousness of which English prose is capable. The ideal English of the newspaper office is an English persistently indirect, flabby, ornate. It has precisely the opposites of those virtues which it is conventionally supposed to inculcate. Instead of stating facts and impressions with clarity and precision and economy, it states them ambiguously, vaguely, redundantly. Traditionally, it is figured to us as an athlete stripped for a contest, lithe, competent, free of encumbrances and impediments. Actually, it reveals itself as a shambling defective, mincing, circumlocutory, swathed in concealments and evasions. The emblem by which it swears is a fig leaf of colossal size; its standard-bearer is the ghost of Thomas Bowdler; the public to which it logically addresses itself is a public of elderly New England supervirgins, Baptist ministers, and the kind of young man who explained that the class yell of his correspondence school was a stamp stuck on an envelope upside down.

Its verbosity, its cheap "refinement," its indecencies of respectability, its prodigies of euphemism, its timid avoidance of simplicity and candor and expressional honesty—these traits are flagrant and unescapable.

Walter Bagehot said of Gibbon's style that it is "not a style in which you can tell the truth. A historian who has to tell the truth must be able to tell what is vulgar . . . what is little . . . Gibbon *cannot* mention Asia *minor!*" Gib-

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bon's inhibition has been inherited by the average American newspaper writer. He *cannot* mention so shocking a thing as ordinary, legitimate pregnancy: it becomes, in his miserable jargon, "a delicate condition." The New Testament description of the Nativity as it stands in Matthew, 1:18, would never get by the copy-desk of any respectable American newspaper. Writing of this kind illustrates a truth once pointed out to us by a shrewd observer of contemporary American life: that the word "baby" has become slightly improper to our ears. In the world of the newspaper, this difficulty is easily overcome, and babies are now made decent by calling them "tots." Mr. James L. Ford once remarked that the sentence, "This is a dog," chalked by a schoolboy on a blackboard, was an ideal example of stylistic clarity, directness, and force. That budding stylist would have to be elaborately corrupted before he would be granted desk-room in a newspaper office. He would have to be taught to say: "This is a quadruped of the canine family," or: "This is man's most faithful friend." In other words, he would have to forget how to be brief, terse, concrete, simple, and learn to become oblique, diffuse, sentimental.

The second and cognate alteration for which we hope after the War—that other boon we mentioned at the start—lies potentially in the same direction: in the direction of a freer movement toward reality on the part of those of us whose business it is to report existence for the benefit of the unobservant or the disqualified—a habit of looking experience and the soul of man straight in the eye, and reporting what we see as if we were men of courage and honesty sure of the courage and honesty of others, rather than a company of timorous evaders, fearfully skulking behind a convention of suppressive respectability which great spirits and great art have always contemptuously thrust aside. In that day we shall know that it is not authentic delicacy of feeling and taste, but a bottomless vulgarity of soul, which makes a writer use gross euphemisms like "under the influence of liquor" and "questionable characters," instead of the honest English words that precisely and tersely describe those phenomena. "The publicans and the harlots," said Jesus to the chief priests and the elders, "go into the Kingdom of God before you." Into the Kingdom of God—yes; but not into the more exclusive kingdom of the conventional commentator upon life and art.

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It is constantly amazing and amusing to receive fresh evidence that the type of mind which looks at life and reports upon it in this way is surviving to-day in situations where it is capable of doing grievous harm to latent appreciation. Only the other day we read in an important newspaper a critical comment upon Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel in which the reviewer betrayed his annoyance with Mr. Bennett because the chief male character in *The Pretty Lady* leads the kind of metropolitan existence which would seem ill-chosen to the Committee of Fourteen. Whether or not Mr. Bennett had created a three-dimensional person; whether or not his projection of characters and events was artistically successful—these matters were irrelevant, and our critic, with entire consistency, disdained to discuss them, passing on instead to denunciation of Mr. Bennett as "sacrilegeous" for having portrayed with singular tenderness and delicacy the naïve piety of the Pretty Lady in the presence of a mediæval image of the Virgin: for the Pretty Lady was one of those whom Christ quite bluntly called harlots; and what right had Mr. Bennett to mention on the same page the mother of Jesus and one of the objects of his compassionate understanding?

Of such is the kingdom of the gross in heart.

We have arrived at Mr. Bennett's novel by a circuitous road, and have lingered overlong, perhaps, on the way. We feel ourselves justified, however, by the fact that his new book seems to us significant and precious chiefly because of the attitude from which it has issued and the spirit in which its elements have been assembled and observed. Mr. Bennett is not only a literary artist of positive and extraordinary excellence, but a genuinely free spirit. We are convinced of this, despite the existence of those Treatises on Conduct which fortified Professor Stuart Sherman's approval of Mr. Bennett as an artist. We have no present intention of reading "that book of popular philosophy, *The Plain Man and His Wife*," which Professor Sherman commends to the American public. We are content with the fact, patent in his imaginative re-creation of character and experience, that Mr. Bennett is a good deal more than the complacent moral standpatter which Professor Sherman sees and reverences in him. For Professor Sherman is as bent upon denying what he calls "radicalism" to Mr. Bennett as if he were defending him against a suspected indulgence in wife-beating; Professor Sherman cannot speak of ideas of free-

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dom, or the evolution of society, without enclosing those phrases in quotation marks implying the kind of contempt which such notions arouse in the souls of those who march with comfort and competence and untroubled heart and mind behind the leaders of The Established Order.

Mr. Bennett's new fiction is a thing that one likes for its flaring honesty, its witty candor and shrewdness, its ease and flexibility of temper, its avoidance of the sentimental in circumstances which must have given the sentimental lure a treacherous disguise, even for the continent and mastered spirit of Arnold Bennett. For this is a tale with a harlot as heroine, and the scene is London in war-time. Moreover, the harlot is religious and a mystic; and there are Zeppelin raids that strew the dark thoroughfares with horror and slay young loveliness in its moments of gay defiance. It would have been a dangerous temptation for an artist less contained and astringent than Mr. Bennett to refuse to let such characters and events exert unaided their own compulsion. But Mr. Bennett has at no point impaired their imaginative authenticity by any kind of emotional exploitation. Christine herself, a French Catholic, devout, superstitious, is, to be sure, a sentimentalist; but she is not the conventional sentimental strumpet of a thousand fictional incarnations, a thousand maudlin biographies: Mr. Bennett has divined her and revealed her with rare beauty and delicacy of comprehension: he has understood her perfect pragmatism, her deep-seated goodness. She is poignant and veritable from the moment when she encounters G. J. Hoape in the slow, confused traffic of the Promenade,—with "its cold, prim languor which was the very negation of desire,"—until, as the self-convinced mystical envoy of the most clement Virgin, seeking to succor and assuage an afflicted fellow-being, she vanishes, still unsentimentalized, still inhabited by reality, a moving shadow among the dark crowds in Piccadilly.

Mr. Bennett waters the primroses of her path with no facile tears; he has thought of no sermons to conceal among the stones on which she walks. We feel that we should have looked up those admirable Treatises on Conduct to see whether *The Plain Man and His Wife* are in ethical harmony with the large, gentle, gravely humorous understanding that brooded over Christine and her confluence with "G. J."—we do not know, but we have a dreadful suspicion that in this

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new novel Mr. Bennett may have betrayed Professor Sherman. We do know, however, that, by his direct and level gaze into our writhing contemporary Hell, his just and sensitive valuation of its tragic ironies, his honest reporting of its realities, he has helped to bring a little nearer that incredible day when the only fear that will oppress a writer—the writer upon a newspaper, the writer of books—will be the fear of reporting life dishonestly, ambiguously, evasively: that day when no man will ever again be "under the influence of liquor," but (unless the Constitution succeeds in saving him) lustily and candidly drunk, if his personal devil so wills, after the manner of the early gods: when no woman will ever again be "in a delicate condition," but proudly and joyfully with child, chanting triumphant songs of welcome like the chorus of mothers in *The Bluebird*—confident and serene, even if she be an Unmarried Mother, in the face of mystery and terror and divinity.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AN ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1918.

In the ethical field to-day there are few thinkers more interesting, more persuasive, and more practical than Felix Adler. Gifted with a powerful intellect of the really metaphysical type, chastened by long experience in the difficult and discouraging work of improving men's morals, possessed of a resolute soul that cannot find comfort in half-truths, Mr. Adler has labored consistently to give form and effect to spiritual reality. Such a man, it may be assumed, would not rush into print with a theory of which the premises were superficial or the conclusions irrelevant to human needs.

In point of fact, Mr. Adler's thesis is profound; and whatever may be thought of his argument, considered metaphysically, the ethical conception at which he at length arrives must be acknowledged to be a potent formula. Even those who reject, or partly reject, the proof may accept the conclusion because of its power to harmonize ideals with one another and with the realities of life.

In ethics, as divorced from religion, there are three main modes of procedure. One may begin with a general theory of the universe and deduce from this one's ethics and one's philosophy of life. This is the method that philosophy borrows from religion: it substitutes for the religious construction of the universe a philosophical construction, conceived to be more logical, but scarcely more provable and, often enough, plainly compensatory in intent. Or one may look within the mind and choose some one element of mental experience as more real and more authoritative than any other—a method that seems sound when conscience or moral intuition is selected as the final element; but that obviously has its dangers when the function fixed upon is emotion or will. Finally, one may regard ethics as a purely scientific problem, treating it as a matter of evolutionary adjustment. These methods, though not of course mutually exclusive, are fairly distinct.

To Mr. Adler evidently the scientific conception of ethics seems insufficient, even when supplemented by evolutionary theory. It is, indeed, one of the serious perplexities of this age that the greatest of scientific generalizations seems to give so little help in the solution of moral problems. Belief in the efficacy of conscious deliberation and purpose is not, to be sure, inconsistent with belief in evolution; but on the other hand evolutionary theory seems to give little if any direct assistance to conscious deliberation or purpose. We cannot rely implicitly upon past experience: to do so is to assume that what has

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been must be—a doctrine directly contrary not only to common sense but to the evolutionary doctrine itself. We cannot confidently determine the direction of the future from the past because our own conscious thoughts and resolutions are a part of the evolutionary process and will influence it.

Of course, in any attempt to solve the ethical problem by subjective or by *a-priori* reasoning a whole philosophy may be implied; yet it is possible to distinguish rather sharply, as Kant did, between ethics and general philosophy. In this respect Mr. Adler seems to be a follower, though not a disciple of Kant: his method is like the method of those who rely upon the categorical imperative, or more loosely upon conscience or moral intuition. But to Mr. Adler the categorical imperative seems illogical, while conscience and moral intuition are terms of loose if not mystical meaning. Mr. Adler's treatise, however, may be roughly defined as an attempt to substitute for moral intuition something more definable and more demonstrable.

The ultimate question of ethics is the nature and meaning of human *worth*. This question, according to Mr. Adler, cannot be successfully attacked in a purely scientific or analytical manner. Underlying scientific and all other modes of thought are certain final functions of the mind: we cannot think without positing at one and the same time a *unity* and a *manifold*. When we reason from cause to effect we are really exercising these same functions in a disguised form; for we know absolutely nothing about the nature of causation itself. Hence it is argued that all reasoning which has functional finality—which is the result, that is, of the final or reality-producing functions of the mind—is equally sound. The essential difference between the method of science and that of ethics arises from the fact that in science we may assume a partial—though only a partial—correspondence between our minds and reality, and hence imperfect knowledge is trustworthy as far as it goes; while in ethics (possibly because the subject-matter is our own nature) we must have a perfect conception of the whole before we can have certain knowledge of any part. By means of "the reality producing functions of the mind," then, Mr. Adler constructs a concept of the ethical whole—a concept for which he feels justified in claiming entire validity.

"Act so as to elicit the best in others and thereby in thyself—or, more exactly, act so as to elicit the sense of unique distinctive self-hood, as interconnected with all other distinctive spiritual beings in the infinite universe." This is the supreme ethical rule which the author draws from his manifold yet unified conception of the ethical whole. As applied to various actual experiences—to the shadows of sickness, sorrow, and sin; to the relations involved in the family, in the vocations, in the state—this concept is seen to be clarifying and even inspiring. It represents, perhaps, a real advance in ethical thought. Abstract enough to fit all cases yet easily susceptible of direct application in each; connoting moreover a lofty, if paradoxical, idea of a universe in which the maximum of self-hood is reconciled with perfect altruism,—this ethical rule may well be accepted by the good as a definition of goodness.

But what of those who are not good, or those who deny altogether the validity of the conception of *worth?* The question is not now

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as to the adequacy of the author's conception but as to its reality. Does not Mr. Adler's demonstration, one asks, take for granted the existence of that which he seeks to prove? If there *is* worth, one may agree, we must conceive it thus; but what if there be none? And again when the author declares that the conception of the ethical whole is, like the axioms of geometry, undemonstrable but verifiable, may one not suspect that the process of verification involves an appeal to something other than the "reality-producing functions of the mind"?

It is much easier, however, to find fault with metaphysical reasoning than to deny, in this case, the value of the result. Mr. Adler would make his peace with the intuitionalists if he would admit that the conception of ethics which he sets forth is the result, not indeed of some mystic revelation conveyed by a faculty distinct from ordinary reason, but of ordinary reason guided by moral intuition, a force which checks and directs in some measure all human thought, urging it toward fundamental clearness, toward truth, toward righteousness.

THE INDIA OF THE FUTURE. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1918.

To find literary craftsmanship of a high order in a book about British colonial policy is an unexpected pleasure. Mr. Archer knows how to impart grace and charm to matter-of-fact prose; he possesses that sense of unity and proportion which saves argument from tediousness, and he reasons with a force and fairness, a point and polish, which not only carry conviction but give æsthetic delight. His treatise is neither overpoweringly authoritative nor statistically exhaustive; it presents no new or striking thesis; but it is of value as helping to clarify a great problem through common sense, through common tact and justice.

British rule in India is not an end in itself, but a means to an end, and the end is self-government—this is the truth which, seen in Mr. Archer's book from a hundred angles, chiefly impresses itself upon the reader's mind. In maintaining this view Mr. Archer knows that he runs the risk of being called by one set of critics a Little Englander, and by another a dullard incapable of understanding the superiorities of the Indian culture. He is aware that he may be subjected to a crossfire from the Imperialists and from the "Hinduizers." This knowledge, however, does not embarrass him; it merely adds a certain liveliness to his style. He is at his best in the kind of two-handed controversial exposition that his theme demands.

The races of India, Mr. Archer points out, are on the whole very high races. Physically, many of them seem to approach nearer perfection than do the European peoples. They are not to be compared with races counted inferior. "The difference between the negro and the Indian is so enormous that the comparison seems cruel to the one and insulting to the other." Mentally, the Hindus give one a sense of "high potentiality"—a sense that is partly justified by the achievements of the race in the past and by the attainments of certain individuals in the present. But this hopeful feeling is counteracted by the impression—an impression scarcely to be resisted by the European visitor—that the

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races of India have been arrested in their development; that their "high potentiality" has never been realized, and that it is not now in the way to attain realization.

Mr. Archer is not, of course, content with superficial views such as any traveller or temporary resident in India might readily formulate. Under several aspects and in some detail he discusses the claim of the Indian people to have evolved a high if not the highest civilization. The golden age of the past, which Hindus are fond of glorifying, he finds to have been characterized not by high civilization but by splendid barbarism. Early Hindu religion he believes to have been as seriously alloyed with immorality and with crude superstition as was the early religion of Babylon or Egypt. Nor can any special purity or profundity, he thinks, be claimed for the later developments of Hindu religious thought. Asceticism, for example, as originally conceived, seems to have been simply a means of acquiring magical power; thought of in the abstract it cannot be proved to be in itself a virtue. Hindu literature, Hindu art, are in general marred by an unrestraint that is suggestive rather of the ill-governed power of barbarous imagination than of the controlled strength of civilized intelligence. Exaggeration, lavishness, are of the very soul of them. Their cruelties, all the subtleties of the "Hinduizers" cannot explain away.

But perhaps racial backwardness is to be explained by oppression. The British rulers of India may be in part themselves responsible for the conditions that they deplore. Doubtless the members of the opposition in India are actuated by patriotic motives, and it is, to be sure, the business of an opposition to find fault. But these Indian patriots are inclined to accept too readily the simple and attractive theory that India suffers, as the result of British rule, a constant financial drain. Anyone who has dipped even slightly into native Indian political propaganda will the better appreciate the force of Mr. Archer's argument on this point. The real difficulty, the author shows, lies in over-population and in the concomitant low standard of living.

But racial backwardness should never be confused with racial inferiority. India is capable of great things; Englishmen are not merely unmannerly, they are mistaken, when they regard the people of India with contempt; and they have no ground for assuming that English rule in India is a law of nature. In education, in wise political and economic guidance, may be found the solution of the problem of Indian government—a problem certain to be raised more insistently than ever after the great peace.

Mr. Archer's treatise, at once keenly analytical and vividly descriptive, is as entertaining as it is argumentatively effective.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By Jean-Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company, 1918.

It really makes little difference which of Fabre's books one reads first; all are equally rewarding. Jean-Henri Fabre found for himself a theme of endless interest—the insect world. He knew how to

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relate his discoveries with an ease and grace which assisted instead of hindering scientific exactness. No writer understands better than he understood it the art of so unfolding a subject as to make the reader a collaborator in the work of the writer. None, therefore, is more subtly winning. Once caught in Fabre's net, you cannot escape. You will read his book from cover to cover.

Always, there is in Fabre's writings an element that in a story about men and women we should call human interest. But this is something very different from the sentiment that is sometimes gratuitously associated with nature-study. It is something impersonal—the naturalists' interest in all life, a kind of devout appreciation of the exquisite adaptations of instinct so like the tricks of intelligence and yet so unlike. The effect of this is not to oppress the reader with the feeling that a worshipful attitude is required, but rather to elate him with a pleasure like that which a child feels in a fairy tale. Truly in Fabre's books the mind of the reader is made to feel the magic effects of "the curious, the beautiful, and the true."

As an example of the quaint and amusing stories of insect life which Fabre tells in his last book, *The Wonders of Instinct,* one may cite the case of the Pine Processionary. This caterpillar, as his name implies, marches in troops arranged in single file. The leader dribbles behind him a thin thread; the caterpillar next in the line of march follows this thread and spins another; each succeeding caterpillar follows the silken path ahead of him and adds to it a thread of his own. In this way a ribbon-like trail is laid down, by which the whole procession may eventually find its way back to the nest.

It occurred to Fabre to inquire what would happen if the procession were made to move in a circle. Then there would be no leader, and there could be no variation in the path unless some caterpillar with a ray of intelligence chose to diverge from the regular round. Fabre tried the experiment; he set the procession moving about the edge of a large vase. All day the caterpillars continued their circular procession. After ten hours of walking, it might have been expected that they would break ranks and go to get the food that was placed near-by. But they did nothing of the sort. As far into the night as the scientist remained awake to observe them, they kept obstinately marching. The night was a cold one, and in the morning they were found gathered in two irregular heaps. But not for long. As the heat of the sun revived them, they groped for the track, found it, began marching, closed ranks, and resumed their formation of the day before. For seven days this state of affairs continued. Not until the eighth day were the marchers rescued, by accident, from the bondage of their magic circle. The story, strange as a piece of folklore, is of course instructive as showing the great gulf that lies between instinct and reason.

The interest of Fabre's subject is inexhaustible: this is a truism. What seems really remarkable is that his power of discovering and communicating that interest seems to have been as inexhaustible as the subject itself. He might have gone on writing for another lifetime without wearying the world.

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IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA. By Thomas F. Plowman. New York: John Lane Company, 1918.

Almost every one who reads has some sort of impression, vivid enough in its way, of the Early Victorian and Mid-Victorian periods. The very terms arouse in one a disposition to smile and to indulge in a kind of whimsical sentiment. Victorian opinions, Victorian taste in furniture and poetry, Victorian notions of respectability, Victorian sentiment—all these, when served up to us in fiction or in reminiscence, we relish with a certain perhaps excessive gusto. There was much, doubtless, in English life during the middle of the nineteenth century that may justifiably strike us as naïve and quaint. We are sufficiently close to this life to feel on familiar terms with it: we by no means regard it as having, like periods more remote, a kind of inevitable and privileged strangeness. The queerness of it all comes home to us, because the Early Victorians were, if not our fathers or grandfathers, the contemporaries of our fathers or grandfathers, and because, with their naïve surprise at the speed of railway trains and all that, we cannot help regarding them as novices in modern life. We, with our automobiles, our airplanes, our wireless telegraphy, and our gigantic war, look back upon the earlier period with humorous appreciation and with sentimental envy.

When we read of such a ceremony as that of "giving the franchise" at Oxford, we seem to see ourselves taking part—as Mr. Thomas Plowman once did—in a very solemn, somewhat absurd, and highly convivial piece of foolery, a survival of the Middle Ages; and this somehow delightfully tickles both our sense of humor and our sense of romance. When we are told of how Dr. Routh of Magdalen College refused to take official cognizance of anything so grossly modern as a railroad, resolutely assuming that travellers journeyed to Oxford in all cases by stage-coach—"The roads, sir, the roads in winter, I do assure you, sir, are very bad at this time of year"—we enjoy the joke almost as if it were related of a contemporary.

The singularity of what we feel to be, despite glaring differences, very near us in spirit—for the atmosphere still lingers and we encounter every day Mid-Victorian people—may partially excuse in us a rather patronizing attitude toward the time of Dickens and Thackeray. But there is more than a trace of exaggeration in all this: too much "atmosphere" obscures reality. A clever writer, like, for example, Ford Madox Hueffer, is sure of his appeal when he discourses in semi-fictional style of the Pre-Raphaelite painters and their contemporaries; but impressionism has its limits—appreciation should sometimes give way to direct perception of truth.

The book, *In the Days of Victoria,* is not the work of a man who has special knowledge of a particular field—Mr. Plowman makes no pretensions to such knowledge—but it is the record of one who has been closely in touch with a good many interests. Books, pictures, journalism, education, politics, the stage, church-going, volunteering—on all these and on several other subjects—of no less interest—Mr. Plowman has something to say that is worth saying. There are some notable narrations in the book, such as the detailed story of Thackeray's venture into politics, and there is a great store of anecdotes, all good.

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In its critical comments the book is by no means notable. Mr. Plowman's remarks about Pre-Raphaelite painters, for example, or about the defects of the Victorian educational system, are neither very novel nor very acute; but all that is said is said sensibly and entertainingly, and nothing in this book of Mr. Plowman's comes amiss.

THE REAL FRONT. By Arthur Hunt Chute. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1918.

One of the grimmest of the war-books—a book with an emphatic message for stay-at-homes—is *The Real Front,* by Arthur Hunt Chute, late of the first Canadian Division. The book is by no means pessimistic. On the contrary, it should be to a stout heart inspiring—and only stout hearts receive the best inspiration. But it reveals horror with few softening touches, and it tells the bare facts of fighting without diverting attention to the thrill of successful accomplishment or wrapping up death and destruction in general terms.

From first to last the book gives facts without glamour. Very realistic is the description of the first Canadian contingent on its way to the front—a rough, disorderly set of men, surely, reduced to soldierly obedience only by the sternest discipline, for a willingness to die for the right cause does not instantaneously produce in the mind of the recruit a due respect for authority. No less realistic is the account that Mr. Chute gives of the heroic services performed by these same troops in the field. The author in no way idealizes these Canadian soldiers; he simply tells the facts: and the facts speak volumes both for the splendid qualities of the men themselves and for the mighty, the well-nigh irresistible force of discipline.

It is on the real front that manhood is tested and that the results of discipline are gloriously proved. The real front does not mean merely the trenches; it means the front-line trenches in time of battle. "One might visit the fire-trenches many times," writes Mr. Chute, "and yet never see the real front. The real front is the battle front, which comes and goes. 'Why, there is nothing to dread in the war game,' I announced, grandly, on our first night out. 'I've been at the front in the Balkans and now in France, and I surprise myself at how little of a coward I really am.' That was before I had ever seen the real front. One day, that quiescent volcano on which I had been dwelling suddenly burst into eruption. Out of the trembling earth and the belching fire and smoke, I found that I was still human. My tongue went dry and my knees knocked together, and I found that the real front is a place of mortal terror."

Even the experienced soldier may fail to realize the full meaning of the work that he does or the full measure of the fortitude that may at any time be required of him. As an artilleryman, Mr. Chute did his work methodically with little more than general thought of the results; but after he had had the nightmare trial of wallowing for hours in a shell-hole in the midst of a bombardment, he obtained a new comprehension of the whole sanguinary business of war. Than Mr. Chute's account of this experience nothing could better show the greatness of

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the victory that even a brave man has to win over himself in order to endure unflinchingly the frightfulness of a modern battle. One can appreciate the mood of the author when he calls the big shells "angels of death," and one can understand the frame of mind of that Ghirwali trooper who, when one of these death-dealing missiles had exploded near him, killing his companions, threw himself upon his knees with head bowed to the earth—the attitude assumed by Easterners in extreme devotion.

Some of the happenings related by Mr. Chute are such as we do not readily conceive for ourselves and such as most warbooks hardly do more than mention. "A piece was put out of action," we read, perhaps, in the report of a battle. Mr. Chute shows us the effect of a direct hit upon an artillery implacement. The armor-piercing shell bursts through the gun pit, detonates on the gun, and blows every one of the artillerymen to pieces. The author brings before us and calls by name the signal men who are to go out and reëstablish broken communications during a battle. None of them returns. He shows us the sentry, compelled to remain at his post at a time when the springing of a mine is expected, engulfed in the awful explosion.

Mr. Chute, it may be seen, does not spare the feelings of his readers. Yet his real intention is not, of course, merely to shock. What he has to tell us of that lightness of heart which prevails among the soldiers despite all that they see and suffer, about the "soldierly spirit" that conquers all obstacles, and about the firm faith that the soldier finds to sustain him through the most soul-shaking crises, is all the more effective because of the reality and detail with which he describes the scenes of war and because of the frankness with which he portrays fighting as something quite other than an exciting game. "The light heart in the midst of danger and tribulation is our last invincible defense. . . . The greatest faith in the world . . . is found in the front-line trenches."

Nor is the soldier's faith an emotional reaction, an indirect effect of fear. On the contrary, it is associated with fearlessness, obedience, self-sacrifice. Much has been said of the moral effect of the war upon the fighting man. Are we justified in hoping that moral regeneration will come out of this terrible conflict? Mr. Chute's testimony on this point is unusually explicit. "Boys," he says, "who at home seemed worthless cads, at the front show forth the most godlike bravery and devotion."

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XV

(*May 2—June 5*)

Just as this REVIEW goes to press the news comes that the often predicted and long expected raid of German submarines on the American coast has occurred. At this writing it is not possible to state definitely how many U-boats are on our coast or the full extent of the damage they have inflicted. Thus far they have sunk about a dozen vessels, all coastwise, and chiefly small schooners, with loss of between twenty-five and thirty lives. They got one passenger ship, the *Carolina* of the Porto Rico Line, and one small freighter, the *Texel,* with a cargo of 42,000 bags of sugar. Their operations ranged from a point south of the Delaware Capes to a point approximately 125 miles east of Sandy Hook. For a reason not yet made clear, the U-boat commanders refrained from the tactics of extreme brutality common to submarine operations in European waters. In all cases those on board the doomed vessels received reasonable time for abandoning ship. The chief loss of life occurred through the upsetting of the motor launch of the *Carolina* in a storm, the night after the steamer was sunk. The submarines had been operating on our coast for some time before the news of their activity became public. They sunk their first vessels on May 25th, destroying three schooners on that date, and taking their crews aboard a submarine, where the men were kept until June 2nd, when they were put into their own boats and set adrift. The submarines laid a small mine field at the entrance of the Delaware River, but no damage resulted from it. Up to this time their enterprise has resulted in fiasco and the damage inflicted was less than minor in comparison with what it might have been. No interference with the passage of troops, munitions and supplies to Europe has been effected. Secretary Daniels announced that the navy would continue the transport service uninterrupted.

Throughout a large part of the fourteenth month of our war with Germany there continued the strange feature, which has marked so many previous months, of busy preparation for hard fighting running concurrently with vague, undefined talk of peace, which might or might not have some basis of authority. But at the close of the month,—May 27—two momentous events occurring on the same day showed the present futility of this peace talk. One was the resumption of the German offensive in France on a slightly smaller scale, and somewhat less successfully, than the great drive which began on March 21st. The other was a speech by President Wilson, in which he asked Congress to pass a new Revenue bill at this session and declared the purpose to

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exert our might irresistibly. In this speech there was no suggestion of any possible termination of the war except by our victory. In a number of his public utterances the President has linked talk of winning the war, or of fighting preparation, with indications of a willingness to consider present peace. But in his address to Congress on May 27th there was no note of anything except winning the war at whatever effort.

"The consideration that dominates every other now and makes every other seem trivial and negligible," he said, "is the winning of the war. We are not only in the midst of the war, we are at the very peak and crisis of it. Hundreds of thousands of our men, carrying our hearts with them and our fortunes, are in the field, and ships are crowding faster and faster to the ports of France and England with regiment after regiment, thousand after thousand, to join them until the enemy shall be beaten and brought to a reckoning with mankind. There can be no pause or intermission. The great enterprise must, on the contrary, be pushed with greater and greater energy. The volume of our might must steadily and rapidly be augmented until there can be no question of resisting it."

And a little later the President showed how thoroughly he understands the solidarity of the people of the United States in support of the purpose he had expressed, by saying:

"Have you not felt the spirit of the nation rise and its thought become a single and common thought since these eventful days came in which we have been sending our boys to the other side? I think you must read that thought, as I do, to mean this, that the people of this country are not only united in the resolute purpose to win this war, but are ready and willing to bear any burden and undergo any sacrifice that it may be necessary for them to bear in order to win it."

This was the second occasion within a few days on which the President spoke with vigor of the necessity of winning the war. On the evening of May 18th he opened the Red Cross Second War Fund Campaign in New York City, and almost at the outset referred to the peace talk which had been going on in various European capitols.

"There are two duties with which we are face to face," he said, "the first duty is to win the war and the second duty, that goes hand in hand with it, is to win it greatly, showing the real quality of our power not only, but the real quality of our purpose and of ourselves."

When the tremendous cheering that greeted this statement had died away, the President referred to the talk which he had heard of the necessity of our sending five million men to France.

"Why limit it to five million?" he said. "I have asked the Congress to name no limit because the Congress intends, I am sure, as we all intend, that every ship that can carry men or supplies shall go laden upon every voyage with every man and every supply that she can carry."

Again the audience cheered. They were in hearty accord with the President's declaration to use an unlimited army.

The President went on immediately to connect what he had said with the peace talk. "We are not to be diverted from the grim purpose of winning the war," he declared, "by any insincere approaches on the subject of peace. I can say with a clear conscience that I have tested those intimations and have found them insincere. I now recog-

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nize them for what they are, an opportunity to have a free hand, particularly in the East, to carry out purposes of conquest and exploitation. Every proposal with regard to accommodation in the West involves a reservation with regard to the East. * * * If they wish peace, let them come forward through accredited representatives and lay their terms on the table. We have laid ours and they know what they are."

The peace talk to which the President thus vigorously referred seems to have been part of the German peace offensive that was launched about the time of the collapse of the drive in the West at the close of April. Early in May there were renewed reports from Amsterdam of the presence of German peace agents in Holland. On May 6th the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, implying a denial that peace feelers had been put out by Germany, said: "The sword first has to speak. Our task is to break with hard steel our enemies' destructive aims against our existence and our integrity."

The President's address to Congress on May 27th terminated a controversy which had been going on most of the month between Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, and the leaders of the Senate and House, with reference to the necessity for undertaking new revenue legislation at this session of Congress. The senators and representatives had desired to postpone the new tax bill until next winter, as they were against undertaking revenue legislation on the eve of the Congressional election. It was admitted by the Congress leaders that more taxation is necessary. The production of war materials is now on a vastly larger scale than it was when the present tax bill was enacted, and a much larger monthly expenditure is involved. Moreover there is a huge increase in expenses in prospect due to the vast expansion of the war programme.

Secretary McAdoo contended that the time will be too short at the session next winter, which must end on March 4th, for legislation of such importance. His principal argument for immediate action, however, was that inasmuch as the taxes to be levied will inevitably fall upon the business done and the incomes received in 1918, it is not only of great importance to those who will have to pay them, but it is their right to know as early as possible the taxes they will have to pay, in order to make provision to meet them. President Wilson emphasized this view. The Congress leaders have not expressed any material change of view on the subject of enacting revenue legislation just before a Congressional election, but they have signified their intention to conform to the wishes of the Commander in Chief.

The President's statement to Congress that "ships are crowding faster and faster to the ports of France and England, with regiment after regiment of our men," was in line with a number of intimations which had been made public in Washington and elsewhere concerning the rapidity with which our forces were going abroad. On May 16th the Paris newspaper owned by Premier Clemenceau announced that the United States had promised to have 1,500,000 fighting men in France by the end of 1918, and explained that this meant about two million men in all, counting specialists, workers, men of the quartermaster corps, and others.

The same day it was reported from Washington that more than

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500,000 men were then in France. On May 21st Representative Caldwell of New York, a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs, gave the House a statement of the war programme, made, he said, after considerable correspondence with Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War. Mr. Caldwell said there were 2,072,222 men then in the army. He added that a million trained men were ready to sail, and that 90,000 had sailed in the first ten days of May. Talk of this kind increased to such an extent that a few days later Mr. Baker requested that it cease.

On May 23rd Provost-Marshal-General Crowder announced a new order to go into effect July 1st, aimed at idlers and those not usefully employed. It is a "work or fight" order designed to gather in unemployed men of draft age and those not in some useful occupation, as, for instance, pool-room hangers on, race-track men and I. W. W. sympathizers.

That same day Mr. Baker appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs, which voted, on his recommendation, to give the President unlimited authority to raise men for the army. The bill was reported to the House on May 25th. Chairman Dent, in explaining its provisions, said that it carries appropriations of $9,583,349,808 for the next fiscal year, which with authorizations on contracts, would raise the total to $11,041,681,909. These figures give an idea of the expansion of our military effort, the appropriation for the army alone for the next year being larger than the total appropriations for the current year.

The bill authorizes the President to raise by draft each fiscal year during the war the "maximum number of men who may be organized, equipped, trained and used during such year for the prosecution of the present war to a successful conclusion."

Chairman Dent announced that the aviation section of the Signal Corps consists of 12,107 officers and 136,761 enlisted men; that there are 4,054 fliers; 1,316 machines in France; 323 combat machines in France; 3,760 machines in the United States, and 27 aviation training camps in the United States.

In addition to this bill, the Fortifications bill, which is soon to come before Congress, will carry about eight billion dollars in appropriations of cash and authorizations for contracts for heavy artillery for the army, $4,200,000,000 to be expended during the next fiscal year.

As an indication that our participation in the war is beginning to be effective in the fighting, on May 28th American troops made their first assault of any size on the German lines. They advanced on a front of more than a mile in Picardy and captured the village of Cantigny, taking 170 prisoners. Moreover, they have held their new position against repeated counter attacks. Our casualties for the 14 months we have been at war number slightly more than 5,000.

While our men are going over in increasing numbers, preparation in this country to send yet more of them is proceeding with pleasing rapidity. On May 13th, Charles M. Schwab, Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, said that it was expected that the shipbuilding programme would be speeded up and extended fifty or possibly sixty per cent. Mr. Schwab had changed the plan of contract with certain yards producing the standardized steel ships from the "cost

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plus" basis to a fixed sum, with the purpose of stimulating these concerns to greater activities.

On May 19th, speaking in New York City, Bainbridge Colby, a member of the Shipping Board, announced that fifty ships of major size would be put in service in June, that more would be ready in July and still more in August. In the first twenty-three days of May twenty-nine steel vessels, aggregating 174,662 tons deadweight were completed and put into active service.

Speaking in Edinburgh on May 24th, Mr. Lloyd George, British Premier said:

"We have reached the position where we are sinking German submarines faster than they are built. We are building merchant ships—that is, the Allies as a whole—faster than they can sink them."

This statement of Mr. Lloyd George's was in line with that of George Leygues, French Minister of Marine, to the Naval Committee of the Chamber of Deputies on May 11th, when he said that the number of submarines sunk in the first three months of 1918 was greater than the number constructed. He said that Vice-Admiral Capelle's statement in the Reichstag on April 19th that 600,000 tons of Allied shipping was sunk monthly, was false. The French Minister showed that the actual losses for December, 1917, and January, February, March and April, 1918, aggregated 1,648,622 against 3,303,000 claimed by Admiral Capelle.

The blocking of Zeebrugge and Ostend by British naval raids proves to have been very successful and seriously to have interfered with the operation of the submarines. Officials of all the Allied governments have issued warnings, however, against taking this news to mean that the submarine is completely defeated. Evidence that submarines are still active in European waters was furnished in the sinking of the transport *Moldavia* carrying American troops, on May 24th, with the loss of 53 lives. Subsequently the transport *President Lincoln* was torpedoed and sunk on a return voyage from France. About 25 lives were lost.

Two specially important measures of war legislation reached the stage of enactment during the month. On May 7th the House passed, in the Senate form, the so-called Sedition bill giving to the Government broad powers to punish disloyal and seditious utterances. This bill fixes a penalty of twenty years imprisonment or $10,000 fine for conviction of uttering or printing disloyal, abusive, profane, scurrilous or contemptuous language about the United States, or the Government, or the form of Government, or the flag, or for favoring Germany or her allies. The Postmaster-General is empowered "upon evidence satisfactory to him" that any person or concern uses the mails for purposes violative of the act, to deny delivery to such person and to return all mail addressed to such persons to the senders, plainly marked "Undeliverable under Espionage act." Penalties will apply to those who say or do anything intended to interfere with military acts or forces, or to impede the sale of Government securities; who incite insubordination or refusal of duty; or who speak, or write, or publish abusive language against the flag, the uniform, or the Constitution. President Wilson signed this bill on May 16th.

The House also passed on May 14th by a vote of 295 to 2 the

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so-called Overman bill, authorizing the President to reorganize departments and bureaus of Government. The President has signed this bill also.

Several measures of far reaching importance to the railroads and to the entire country were taken by the Railroad Administration during the month. They affect the wages of railroad employees, freight and passenger rates and the operating personnel of the properties themselves. On May 8th the Railroad Wage Commission headed by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, issued a report recommending wage increases, ranging from 4.56% to 43% and aggregating about $300,000,000 annually among the transportation lines under Government direction. The report intimated that when the Government assumed control of the roads, serious labor disturbances were threatened which might have tied up transportation.

On May 13th it was reported from Washington that the Railroad Administration officials estimated that a 25% increase in freight and passenger rates was necessary to meet the higher costs of fuel, wages, equipment and other operating expenses, the aggregate of which was between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 a year.

On May 19th it was announced in Washington that the Railroad Administration had approved expenditures for this year by the roads under its direction, for additions, betterments and equipment, aggregating about three times as much as they spent in any one of the last three years. The total was $937,961,318, consisting of $440,071,013 for additions and betterments, and $479,686,531 for equipment, cars and locomotives, with $18,203,774 for track extensions.

On May 21st Secretary McAdoo, Director General of Railroads, issued an order removing the presidents of all railways under Government control from active participation in the operation or management of the physical properties owned by their corporations. At the same time he announced his purpose to select, as operating heads of the lines, men who would be required to sever all relations with the companies with which they are connected, and to become answerable only to the Railroad Administration, at salaries to be fixed by the Administration, in no case in excess of $20,000. Presidents might remain at the head of their corporations, but would receive no salary out of the operating revenues, their compensation being paid by the corporation out of moneys received from the Government. The new operating heads will be known as Federal Managers and will be directly responsible to regional directors. At the same time Mr. McAdoo created two new regions, the Allegheny and Pocahontas.

On May 26th Mr. McAdoo issued a general order granting wage increases. He adopted, in effect, the recommendation of the Railroad Wage Commission, with some revision, which added between $25,000,000 and $40,000,000 to the estimated aggregate of the Commission's increases. It was pointed out in reports of this order that "the whole effort toward wage adjustment was made with the purpose of satisfying the workers and obtaining their coöperation with the Government in winning the war." The pay of negroes was equalized with that of white men for similar service.

The next day Mr. McAdoo ordered a 25% increase in freight rates, effective June 25th, and raised passenger rates to 3 cents a mile,

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effective June 10th. It was estimated that this order would add about $860,000,000 to the annual operating income of the roads under Government control. Intra-state rates are wiped out. Mileage books and excursion tickets already sold are recalled and their use after June 10th stopped.

The charges and counter charges growing out of the unsatisfactory production of aircraft reached a climax during this month, which resulted in the undertaking of a formal investigation by the Department of Justice, and which, at one stage, brought the President and the Senate into an attitude of serious conflict. On May 6th the White House made public a telegram to the President from Howard Coffin, formerly Chairman of the Aircraft Board, requesting an investigation of the charges of dishonesty, and the reply of the President promising such an investigation through the Department of Justice. On that day the President wrote to Senator Thomas, of the Military Affairs Committee, that "any instrumentality at the disposal of the Department of Justice will be used to investigate and pursue the charges of dishonesty or malversation of any kind. * * * I sincerely hope that the matter will be treated as one for searching official investigation by the constituted authorities of the Government." The next day the Senate Committee on Military Affairs decided to conduct an inquiry into aircraft and ordnance production and into other matters under the jurisdiction of the War Department. Senator Chamberlain, Chairman of the Committee, offered a resolution extending the authority of the Committee to make investigations and practically covering a general inquiry into the conduct of the war. He said that there would be "no immunity baths and no whitewashing." There was indicated, however, a general disbelief that there had been graft or dishonesty.

This resolution was delayed for some days by the Senate Committee on Audit and Control of the Contingent fund, to which it was referred in the usual routine. On May 14th Senator Thompson, Chairman of that Committee, had a conference with President Wilson at the White House, after which he said that the President was opposed to the resolution because of its wide scope and that the President believed a general investigation of the war to be unnecessary.

The next day the President sent a letter to Senator Martin, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee and Democratic leader in the Senate, in which he said: "I should regard the passage of this resolution as a direct vote of want of confidence in the Administration. The purpose which it undoubtedly expresses has been expressed again and again in various forms during the present session and has always seemed to originate in a rooted distrust of those who are at present in charge of the executive functions of the Government. * * * Such activities on the part of a particular committee of the Senate, as this resolution would look forward to, would constitute nothing less than an attempt to take over the conduct of the war, or at the least so superintend and direct and participate in the executive conduct of it as to interfere in the most serious way with the action of the constituted Executive."

It was understood by senators that the President's objection was to the language in the resolution giving the committee authority to inquire "into any other matters relating to the conduct of the war by or through

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the War Department." The Committee amended the resolution striking out this phrase and substituting language authorizing and directing the committee " to inquire into and report to the Senate the progress of aircraft and ordnance production in the United States or into the status of the Quartermaster-General's supplies or expenditures in any of those branches of the War Department."

On the same day that the President sent this letter to Senator Martin, the White House made public the fact that Charles E. Hughes had been selected by the President to assist the Department of Justice in making a thorough investigation of the aircraft production situation " with as little delay as possible."

On May 16th Senator Thompson had another conference with President Wilson at which the President still opposed the resolution, even in its amended form, and urged him to impress upon the Democratic senators the necessity of standing with the President against any investigation of war activities. Senator Thompson, reporting to his colleagues, said " It is a fight."

The threatened airing of the whole controversy in a Senate debate was avoided, however, and a compromise was effected which resulted in the unanimous adoption by the Senate on May 22nd of a resolution merely giving the Committee on Military Affairs money from the contingent fund for " any expenses incurred under the provisions of Senate resolution 48 heretofore adopted," including the employment of assistants and travelling expenses. This throws the investigatory power of the Committee back to Resolution 48, which was adopted on April 30th, 1917, and which authorized the Committee during this Congress " to send for persons and papers and to administer oaths, and to employ a stenographer, at a cost not to exceed $1 per printed page, to report such hearings as may be had in connection with any subject which may be pending before said Committee." It also authorized the committee, or any sub-committee thereof, to sit during the sessions or recesses of the Congress. Thus the resolution finally adopted was, if anything, broader and more comprehensive than those to which the President objected. No limit is fixed for the Committee's power of inquiry.

That same day Attorney-General Gregory made public a letter from Mr. Hughes suggesting that no parallel inquiry to that he was undertaking should be made. Members of the Senate Committee expressed a willingness to conform to Judge Hughes' desires, but after consultation with him it was decided that the Senate Committee should proceed with its investigations. Sub-committees were appointed for inquiry into aircraft and ordnance production and into the Quartermaster's Department.

While this controversy was at its height in Washington, Major Raoul Lufbery, foremost American Ace, was killed in the air by a German armored biplane, over the American sector north of Toul. Lufbery's plane was set on fire, apparently by explosive bullets, and he leapt out at an altitude of 2,000 feet. The next day French airmen brought down the armored plane.

[*This record is as of June* 5 *and is to be continued*]

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JAPAN, SIBERIA, AND GERMAN PROPAGANDA

SIR,—Here and in New York people ask me what I think of the Japanese invasion of Siberia, and I say I don't think because they have not invaded Siberia.

"Oh, yes, they have. I have seen it in the papers," is all the proof then can produce.

German propaganda is plainly visible in all this agitation and misinformation; but it is strange that intelligent people can be fooled by German interests at this late day, and that they will continue to aid the German propagandists—literally work for the Kaiser—by repeating such stuff and making remarks derogatory to any of the Allies. To turn the Allies against one another is all that German heart could wish.

Bernhardi, Zimmerman, and Count Rex, the German Ambassador who left Tokyo in 1914, have all said that they would embroil America and Japan, since that would be most helpful to Germany, would distract us from affairs in the Atlantic and Europe, and give Germany a freer hand in Europe and Asia. Germany saw the defeat of Russia in 1905, and the rise of Japan as a formidable military Power in the Far East with rage and chagrin. Japan is a great obstacle to Germany in Asia both politically and economically. Only Japan can meet and best Germany in trade rivalry in China. Only Japan can keep Germany out of the Pacific, now that Japan has once put her out of that hemisphere, for we are not nearly awake to the menace and do not realize how imminent it is.

Only Japan has patrolled and kept the Pacific free from raiders and submarines, and made it safe for our commerce and our travelers since the war began. Our only contribution has been to permit San Francisco, Honolulu and Manila to be safe headquarters for German spies and Hindu conspirators to plot and intrigue against Japan, England and India. The German consul at Honolulu and the German naval officers, whose ships were interned there, put the wildest rumors upon the wireless service and our yellow press obediently went off into headlines reporting Japanese naval bases and wireless masts and armies all over Lower California and Mexico.

These intelligent talkers tell me, also, that the Japanese have not done anything in this war except take Kiao-chau for their own profit. Of course any talk about Japan sending an army to Europe is the rankest nonsense. There have never been one hundred ships to spare to take the 100,000 Japanese soldiers on a six or eight weeks' journey, were the Suez route open and safe, nor ships to keep them supplied with their own

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food. They have long ago lost the best and largest of their ships on the European routes by mines and torpedoes, and the arrival of the raider *Wolf* at Kiel so lately has cleared up the mystery of the *Hitachi-maru*, which left Cape Town last September and was never heard of until its crew and passengers were brought to Kiel. Japan's whole navy has been in commission and hard at work since August, 1914, patrolling the Pacific, capturing, driving to internment, and sinking German vessels, seizing German cable stations and islands, convoying the Australian troop ships to Suez, protecting Indian cities, landing marines at the critical moment of the uprising at Singapore and saving that British community from extermination, chasing submarines in the Mediterranean and off the mouth of the Gironde, and convoying British ships in the Mediterranean. The first thing I saw off the Gironde and all the way up the river to Bordeaux were Japanese torpedo boats and destroyers. Three crews of ships sunk in the Mediterranean I saw at Cook's office in Paris last summer, and all had been rescued by Japanese patrol boats and destroyers. Three passengers returning on the same ship with me last Fall had also been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and had also been rescued by Japanese destroyers.

The Japanese Red Cross conducted a model hospital in Russia, and also one in England and in France for the first year of the war—sending to Belgium and Serbia an equivalent in hospital supplies as preferably requested. The Red Cross and individual Japanese have given liberally for European relief, and have been unceasing in their gifts to the Russian and Polish refugees, who by many thousands were shipped to Siberia and dumped in concentration camps, where they suffered the lack of everything quite as much as the prisoners of war in Siberia.

Japanese people in addition raised by voluntary contributions a sum just short of two million *yen* for the comfort of the Ally wounded; and Italy's share, some $300,000, opportunely reached the Italian Red Cross just at the moment of the reverses of last autumn.

Each battalion that went from Western Canada included fifty Japanese volunteers in 1914 and 1915, and three of these Japanese in British Columbia regiments won the Victoria Cross and many others lesser medals and mention in 1916.

At the request of the Russian Government, Japanese artillery officers conducted a school of gunnery at Petrograd for two and a half years. These Japanese officers were asked by General Brusiloff to take charge of his artillery in his last great offensive, and you doubtless remember that the artillery fire was the great feature of his advance, which swept everything before Brusiloff's army until the Petrograd War Office cut off and diverted his ammunition supplies and so brought the campaign to an end.

Japan was the first of the Allies to permanently capture a fortress and force a German army to surrender. She did her job neatly and promptly, without any fussing or bragging, and so methodically as to have the feat called "autumn manoeuvres." Japan was never blind to the danger of a German foothold in China, and the great railway concession which Germany had secured to build a railway straight across from Kiao-chau to Central Asia, was plain warning of her intentions, of what Japan might expect in ten or twenty or forty years. By the capture of

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Kiao-chau that plan was nipped in the bud; but if Germany is to steal in at Vladivostok with an already completed railway to Europe as well as to Central Asia, the work must be done over again. Having once put Germany out of the Pacific, Japan does not intend to let her return to those waters, nor does England nor France, who have colonies and interests there.

Do we, with our avowed intention of sometime withdrawing from the Philippines, mean to let Germany come back to the Pacific—when we know that Germany is the only Power that wanted and wants the Philippines, and vowed that we should never have them, and showed her hand and her mind so plainly to Admiral Dewey at Manila in 1898?

England could have foreclosed her mortgage on Manila at any time in the last century had she wanted the Philippines; and Japan refused to buy them, when offered for less than a third of what we paid in hard cash through the Treaty of Paris—plus all the expenses of our conquest and military occupation. Neither England nor Japan, if they had once acquired the Philippines and Guam, would have supinely allowed Germany to come in and boldly buy all the rest of the island group entirely surrounding Guam, as we did—in all innocence—in spite of the revelations of the German mind at Manila.

The freight and dunnage lying around on wharves and open ground at Vladivostok are not the chief concern of Japan, although ammunition and submarines in parts would be very dangerous things in clever German hands. A few raiders let out into the Pacific would inaugurate a reign of terror in all the East. The accumulated freight at Vladivostok is mostly of American origin, as England took over from Japan the manufacturing of ammunition for Russia in early 1916. England had the plant and could do so, and since she had to pay all of Russia's bills anyhow, it was cheaper. Japan did not receive cash payments from Russia for anything she did supply in the first year of the war. It was too literally "Let George pay." When Japan balked, after a year of furnishing pay for raw materials and labor on credit, the strip of railway zone from Changchun to the Sungari river and navigation rights on that stream were assigned. After that, England paid. Once England gave treasury notes for fifty millions and again for seventy millions, and Japan floated a domestic loan. At the same time, Japanese financiers lent fifty millions to France.

In the United States, no credit was allowed on Russian orders. Every nail and horseshoe and locomotive and bit of barbed wire had to be paid for at the factory door, and it was up to the Russian agents to get things to Seattle and thence by a fleet of Norwegian, Swedish and Japanese steamers over to Vladivostok. To provide for these cash payments to American manufacturers, Russia sent $200,000,000 in gold bullion and $100,000,000 in platinum to Vladivostok in 1915, and Japan sent three of her fastest cruisers to transport it across to Vancouver and deliver it to the Bank of England agent at Vancouver. Three times these Japanese cruisers carried the precious metals over to pay the American bills—and Japan and England still wait for their money.

Nothing could be more amusing than the common idea here that Siberia is a sort of a promised land, a garden of Eden into which the Japanese are dying to enter and grow rice, silk and tea; and that if they once got

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in there, they would never leave the charming place—that they might occupy and annex the whole of Siberia, and spill over into Europe and appear on the borders of Germany. A veritable Yellow Peril! So precisely the picture that the Kaiser once drew, that it might suggest its origin to any intelligent person not hypnotized by German propagandists. They look doubtful when one suggests that an army of even 300,000 Japanese would not go far in a country 4,000 miles across, with railway towns 100 and 500 miles apart, and Japanese food and supplies to follow by assured railway communications! And they doubt, too, when one assures them that Japanese interests are not imperilled at Irkutsk, that they are concerned only with the seacoast and harbors fronting their islands.

"But don't the Japanese want to, and need to expand, to emigrate?" they ask.

Certainly they do, but not to any such uncivilized, undeveloped and inhospitable region as Siberia. The Japanese working-classes do not emigrate to Manchuria or Korea because of the severe climate, nor to Formosa, because of the tropic heat. They go to those countries as employers of inferior people as laborers. They go as engineers, surveyors, builders, contractors, foremen, petty merchants, photographers, barbers, etc., and temporarily only.

The Japanese very much wish to go to highly civilized countries where they can work, study, learn, and earn high wages, and bring back and send back money to their families. Our treaty with Japan secures them that right, but as one State has seen fit to legislate and agitate against the faithful observance of our treaty, and the Federal Government has no power to enforce it, to make the State observe the nation's word of honor, the Japanese forego the privileges, so definitely guaranteed by free men in a free country, where *all* men are free and equal. They have voluntarily agreed to keep their workmen at home by the strictest observance of their Gentlemen's Agreement. The Japanese observe it strictly. I mean, no Japanese ever dreams of or attempts to evade it. The prohibition is law and absolute. Hardly a week passes but some American applies to an American Consulate or to the American Embassy in Japan for the privilege of taking a Japanese butler or valet or maid to America. Nothing can convince such Americans that there is not some loophole, some inside track, some "pull" that can get around the agreement in their particular case. When the fact is finally driven into their heads that the thing cannot be done, every one of them turns in and berates the Japanese Government—for keeping its word!

And now that the Japanese have landed marines at Vladivostok, what will not the German propagandists and their dupes say? They want "guarantees that the Japanese will ever get out of Siberia." Who asked us for guarantees when we went into Cuba, and Haiti, and San Domingo, and Nicaragua, and Mexico? Whose business is it but Japan's there, anyhow?

It angers me when anyone speaks disparagingly of the British, the French or the Italians, or criticizes them or impugns their motives in the way German propagandists want us to do. They are our Allies now and we stand together loyally, or we all go down.

A Californian has lately said that only the British navy has saved us

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and our precious old Monroe Doctrine so far—and now, if the Germans get to Vladivostok and control the Siberian Bolsheviki as easily as they do the Finnish and others, only the Japanese navy can save California from becoming a second Belgium. And of course Japan will risk every last man, ship and gun to save California!

Nothing is so plain, straight and clear as that the German propagandists are behind all this opposition to Japan protecting her people and her interests in the Siberian coast province and preventing Germany from getting a foothold in the Pacific again.

Are we going to help them, or just hinder and insult an Ally?

E. R. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASTING TIME OVER PRINCIPLES

SIR,—The March copy of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the following letter were laid on my desk at the same time. The presence of the REVIEW suggested my giving you a copy of the letter, which is self-explanatory.

With reference to the letter, it has occurred to me that a man who occupies the place that you occupy among American readers might be able to do a little something towards instilling common sense in the labor department of the present Administration.

The writer is in charge of the manufacture and production of lumber at a Rock Creek plant, and at the present time he is engaged chiefly in getting out considerable quantity of material for use of the ship yards. The action of the Government in establishing what they call basic principles of the eight-hour day among the West Coast mills will undoubtedly foreshadow a like action for the mills in the South. My chief point is this: Does the Government want ships, or do they want to waste their time establishing basic principles that are from one to two years old? At least, the writer never heard of a basic principle of an eight-hour day prior to the advent of the present Administration. The establishment of an eight-hour day on the Coast is nothing more or less than a submission to the demands of the I. W. W.'s, and will entail a decided curtailment in the production of ship stock. If this principle is carried out among the Southern mills, it will entail another decrease in the production of ship stock.

I would appreciate some light on just what the Government does want. This much we do know, that it is impossible to manufacture as much lumber in eight hours as it is in ten hours with or without basic principles. If ship stock is what the Government wants, why not leave the mills alone, or if any interference is to take place, let it be of some beneficial character, instead of an order which really curtails production. Either we are running a tremendous bluff that we are at war and that the war is going to be won on basic eight-hour principles, or we are playing rotten politics.

The writer would appreciate a letter from you giving your opinion as to just what you think of the basic principle of an eight-hour day, and its relation to the lumber industry.

Incidentally, there has been a great deal of comment in the papers

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about the inability of the Government to secure timber in the South. You can take it from a man who knows that that talk is all foolishness, as the timber is here and can be sent to the ship yards, and I believe that the present organization that is handling the Emergency Fleet Corporation work is composed of men who are really going to get results.

E. J. Booth.

Trinity, Texas.

[Enclosure]

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION

New Orleans, La., March 2, 1918.

To Subscribers:

WEST COAST LUMBER INDUSTRY PLACED ON EIGHT-HOUR BASIS WITH MAXIMUM WAGE SCALE BY GOVERNMENT ORDER

The entire lumber industry of the North Pacific Coast went on an eight-hour day March 1st, by Government order issued through Colonel Disque of the U. S. Signal Corps, after consultation with Government authorities in Washington.

It is understood that no overtime will be allowed for work in excess of eight hours. A maximum wage scale will be fixed by the Government and announced within a few days. A penalty is provided for lumber manufacturers working labor in mills or camps in excess of eight hours or for violation of the wage scale.

The above for your information.

Yours truly,

Southern Pine Association.

DISCOVERIES

Sir,—During these momentous days of our national life I have been an ardent reader of The North American Review. I have read with great concern, most especially, your editorials—those relevant to the policies of the Administration at Washington.

You have devoted much space to criticism which impresses me as being mere spontaneous outbursts of personal prejudice and jealousy directed solely at the President, Woodrow Wilson, who has the endorsement of a United People. This is not the time, when millions of liberty-loving people are fighting the Hun to maintain their liberty and democratic ideals, for you, Mr. Editor, to display partisan politics in an endeavor to secure a political berth for Roosevelt. Each editorial is an unjust effusion of your political ambitions and a campaign speech for T. R.

Survey the achievements of our Government since the declaration of war against Germany a little more than a year ago. The progress made is remarkable—almost unbelievable—but true nevertheless. Men, real Americans, who have been "Over There" testify to the veracity of my statement. A personal trip to Europe, Mr. Editor, would doubtless serve to cast the beam from your eye and enable you to see the accomplishments of our military machine of which you are so absurdly ignorant.

On your return to America I feel sure you will take occasion to congratulate the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, on the splendid progress made

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and will feel much abashed in having characterized him as a man of "smug cocksureness and detestable flippancy."

Our country needs your unqualified support. You can make your editorials as effective in the ultimate defeat of the Hun as the shells from the Allies' cannon, and simultaneously give undeniable evidence of your American patriotism and inflexible loyalty.

Cease knocking! It's a poor American who hides behind the cloak, "constructive criticism." True and whole-hearted Americans want this war to terminate as soon as possible. The Kaiser and his Potsdam gang must surrender unconditionally. Surely you are sincere in hoping and expecting Allied victory?

R. T. ALLINSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A TREAT WITHHELD

SIR,—In the name of national unity, in this critical time, may I not appeal to you to discontinue the publication of articles calculated to undermine public faith in the Prohibition Amendment? Several of your recent issues have carried such articles, the effect of which cannot but be deplorable.

The Amendment is now virtually the law of the land, as the *principle* of prohibition was finally and definitely passed upon by Congress in the act of submitting the amendment to the Legislatures. It is unthinkable that it will now be rejected, the plain intent of the Constitution being that the Legislatures in a case like this shall have mere suspensory power, determining the time of enactment, but having no right to reject outright.

Whatever your private opinion, you must admit that there are valuable and powerful arguments on the Prohibition side, and a sense of fairness should lead you to want to present them to your readers. Articles, written by able pens and illustrated by able pencils, have been prepared under the direction of the Anti-Saloon League and can be had, all ready for printing, by applying to your State superintendent—in your case Mr. William H. Anderson. Apply for one or more of these articles and print them, without charge or obligation to you. You will be furnishing a treat to your readers and performing a public service.

Yours for victory,

EUGENE DALE.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Our correspondent's invitation to us to "furnish a treat" to our readers by obtaining our opinions concerning prohibition, "all ready for printing", from that bubbling fountain of moral, political, and scientific wisdom, the Anti-Saloon League, is tempting; but alas, we have a perverted and irresistible inclination toward doing our own thinking on this subject, inferior and imperfect though it may be.

By the way, we wonder where our correspondent derived his interesting information that the State Legislatures have "no right to reject outright" the Constitutional amendment submitted to them by Congress? This is indeed a new and refreshing view of the limitations of States' Rights.

—EDITOR.]

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FROM A RUSSIAN ADMIRAL

SIR,—I have read with some interest your article, entitled "Who Is My Neighbor?", in the May number of your esteemed magazine.

I must ask you, on behalf of the truth, to believe me when I say that the curious story, so well substantiated that it would take a good deal to disprove it, about the relationship between Russia and Japan, and of Russia having employed many Japanese in her navy before the war and in the early part of it, has not a shadow of foundation in fact.

For many years before the war, and in the earlier part of it, I was Chief of Operations in the Russian Fleet, and consequently have some knowledge of conditions in our navy.

I know that after the Japanese war the highest state of efficiency was striven for in our navy, and what was then known as the "Young School" assumed a predominant place in its affairs, with Admiral Essen as Commander-in-Chief. Our fleet succeeded in displaying such a degree of efficiency through their efforts that the Germans feared to meet the Russian Fleet in an open fight. This high state of efficiency was due solely to the "Young School" under the leadership of Admiral Essen and his staff, including myself.

When the German cruiser *Magdeburg* grounded in the Gulf of Finland and her crew was imprisoned, a letter was found on the captain's desk, warning him not to venture into the Finland Gulf, as the Russian Fleet, although consisting of small units, was highly trained and in the highest state of efficiency.

Such a tribute from the enemy speaks for itself. The high standard that was attained by the Russian Fleet at that time was due solely to her own conscientious hard work, and in no way to foreigners, who, I can assure you, have not been admitted in our navy in any capacity whatever during the last ten years.

REAR ADMIRAL DE RICHTER,
Russian Navy.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

LET US EMANCIPATE THE RACE

SIR,—I write you because of the imperative demand for a change in our economic system, which is the cause of all the evils we are suffering. Bellamy has shown very clearly in his master work, *Equality*, that if the wealth that is produced were equitably distributed, these evils would disappear! Lift the burdens that modern civilization has imposed and let us get a chance to surround ourselves with the comforts that man has invented, and the viciousness that dominates man's efforts to acquire wealth would also disappear. The profit system is not a result of free competition, but of class legislation which our Government is criminally guilty of, and there is no way to get relief except by starting a system that will supply money on the mutual plan affording the borrower an opportunity to use his credit instead of being compelled to use the lender's capital. I shall be exceedingly glad to hear from you on this point. There can be no question about an overwhelming majority favoring this idea if it could be put to the public so as to afford all an opportunity to understand it. Authority has not a single argument with which to defend itself for having

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established a monopoly of the medium of exchange; or, to put it more forcibly, prohibited the people from establishing a medium of exchange and compelled them to use a makeshift that was devised for speculative purposes in which the people were to be the victims. The fact is that governments are not established to sustain right, as the Declaration affirms, but to prevent man from getting his rights. It is the great delusion that we are dependent on government to get our rights. We will never get them until we take them and public opinion sustains the act. Oh, that a man could be found that has the influence and means to force this issue, and thus emancipate the human race!

ALFRED B. WESTRUP.

CHICAGO, ILL.

BROWNING AND WILLIAM JAMES

SIR,—Those of your readers who enjoyed as I did the article on "Browning, Schopenhauer and Music" by Professor William Lyon Phelps in the October issue of your magazine may be further interested to recall a similar likeness between Browning and another philosopher. William James' *The Will to Believe* and Browning's *Bishop Blougram's Apology* take almost exactly the same line of argument, and there is sometimes even a curious identity of expression running into the illustrative figures. Both writings assert that objective certitude in religious faith is impossible; that having moral opinions at all, or not having them, is a question of will or desire; that faith in a fact can help create the fact; that religion offers a certain vital good; that we lose this good as much by remaining skeptical as by positive disbelief; that we can get this good only by desire or will and precursive faith; and that, therefore, faith based on will or desire is not only lawful but essential.

GERTRUDE DARLING.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

WE MEANT IT AS PROSE

SIR,—Your verse,

"Too late, too late, too late,
Take heed you men in authority,
Inefficiency now is treason!"

might well be regarded as a classic. Have you thought of having this reproduced on a card and mailed to every member of Congress and all the bureau heads and department heads in Washington? I really think you ought to do it.

R. J. CALDWELL.

NEW YORK CITY.

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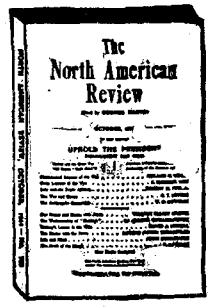
1918

August

One-Hundred-Fifth Year



Contents

Vol. 208: No. 2

"CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM" ..... The Editor 161

THE TRUE STORY OF THE JAMESON RAID AS RELATED TO ME BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND. . Alleyne Ireland 185

THE "BERSAGLIERI" OF THE SEA..... Captain L. Vannutelli, Royal Italian Navy 197

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR—II..... 204

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY..... H. Charles Woods 219

INTERNATIONAL COMITY AND THE JAPANESE WOMAN ..... John Cole McKim 229

MONEY AND PRICES..... Walter F. Ford 239

AMERICAN LIBERTY AND SOCIAL EFFICIENCY.... Rev. H. H. Gowen, D.D. 251

HEDGE ISLAND ..... Amy Lowell 261

THE COUNTRY MY FATHER TOLD ME OF..... Harrison Rhodes 269

SAMUEL BUTLER'S GOD..... Felix Grendon 277

SHELLEY AND NATURE..... A. M. D. Hughes 287

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED..... 296

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY—XVI..... 303

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR..... 312

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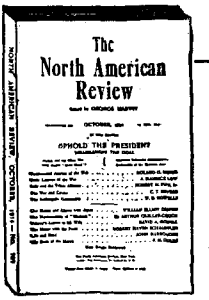

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND,

the president of the National League of Republican Clubs and late president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, gained an international reputation as one of the four leaders in the reform movement in the Transvaal during 1895-1896. The first installment of the hitherto unpublished story of the Jameson raid as related by Mr. Hammond to Mr. Alleyne Ireland, the well-known English publicist, will have great interest for the readers of THE REVIEW.

CAPTAIN L. VANNUTELLI, ROYAL ITALIAN NAVY,

is Naval Attaché to the Italian Embassy at Washington. The recent stirring exploits of the Italian Navy are modestly set forth in this authoritative paper.

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR.

These interesting letters, which are concluded in this issue of THE REVIEW, are translated by Miss Virginia Watson.

H. CHARLES WOODS,

an Englishman, who for a number of years has made a close study of the situation and conditions in Turkey and the Near East, is a well-known writer upon military and international questions. The present article is taken from a chapter of his new book, *The Cradle of the War: The Near East and Pan-Germanism,* shortly to be published.

(*Continued on second page following*)

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THE ROMANCE OF VARNISH

THIRD ARTICLE

I am writing of the varnish business in the days just after the Civil War. Most of those then engaged in it are now in Heaven. Varnish makers feel that their lives of beneficence entitle them to "read their title clear to Mansions in the Skies." Before the war there were but three millionaires in the United States. In Newark, even then a city that smiled approvingly on itself, we had three favored citizens who each owned a horse and carriage. Household furniture was confined to necessary articles. Pianos were luxuries. The uses for varnish were few.

My father loaned me a modest sum to start the varnish business, with a nice old gentleman with a wonderful head of perfectly white hair, and a melodious voice that rose above all others in the church choir. We bought a lot on Oliver Street for six hundred dollars—we built a small wooden building that cost six hundred more, and we made varnish under a wooden shed in the back yard in the mornings of those days when it did not rain. In the afternoon we "carried in" and cleaned up. The picture of that little wooden building now hangs in my office. I often think of it as I inspect our present plant that occupies the larger part of four city blocks.

My ancient friend and partner made the varnish. I think he did the best he could, but there was a difference of opinion as to the quality of his varnish between him and our customers. The situation at the kettles seemed to require something besides perfectly white hair and a melodious voice; so in time these attractive qualities were replaced by a really and truly (for those times) varnish maker who did everything. As a domestic cook makes soups, and cooks meat and vegetables, and makes pastry for a family, so the old varnish maker melted the gum and boiled the oil and made the japans and acted as Superintendent of our unpretentious factory.

And then came the better product and increasing business.

The old varnish maker has gone not to return. I have an etching of him, dear old man, Francis Bannon by name, which is one of my treasures.

Now-a-days we have the Melting Shop, and the Oil Shop, and the Filter Shop, and the Finishing Shop and plenty more, each required under scientific supervision to do some one particular thing as well as it is possible to do that one particular thing, and we have a number of chemists to check up everything of importance that is done, and we have expert varnishers who check up the chemist by applying the varnish just as it is used by the consumer.

FRANKLIN MURPHY.

Founder Murphy Varnish Company

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JOHN COLE MCKIM

is a resident of Wakamatsu, Japan. He is a graduate of Columbia University and the General Theological Seminary. A volume of Dr. McKim's, *A Handbook of Dogmatic Theology*, written in Japanese, is now in press. His writings are better known in Japan than on this side of the Pacific.

WALTER F. FORD

is an English student of the currency question as well as matters relating to the cost of living. He is a frequent contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* and other English reviews.

REVEREND HERBERT H. GOWEN, D.D.,

is Professor and Head of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington and Associate Rector of St. Mark's Church, Seattle. Dr. Gowen is an Englishman by birth, and has lived in many lands. His leisure time has been spent in writing, and numerous volumes bear his name.

AMY LOWELL

is ranked by sensitive critical judgment as the most brilliant and accomplished representative in America of "The New Poetry."

HARRISON RHODES,

the well-known essayist and author, is a native of Ohio. The many titles to be found among his books include *The Lady and the Ladder, Charles Edward* and *The Flight to Eden.*

FELIX GRENDON

is an assistant professor in the College of the City of New York. He is the author of a play, "Will He Come Back?" and contributes articles on the drama and the novel to a number of magazines.

A. M. D. HUGHES,

whose critical literary estimates have secured to him important recognition in England, is an Oxford man.

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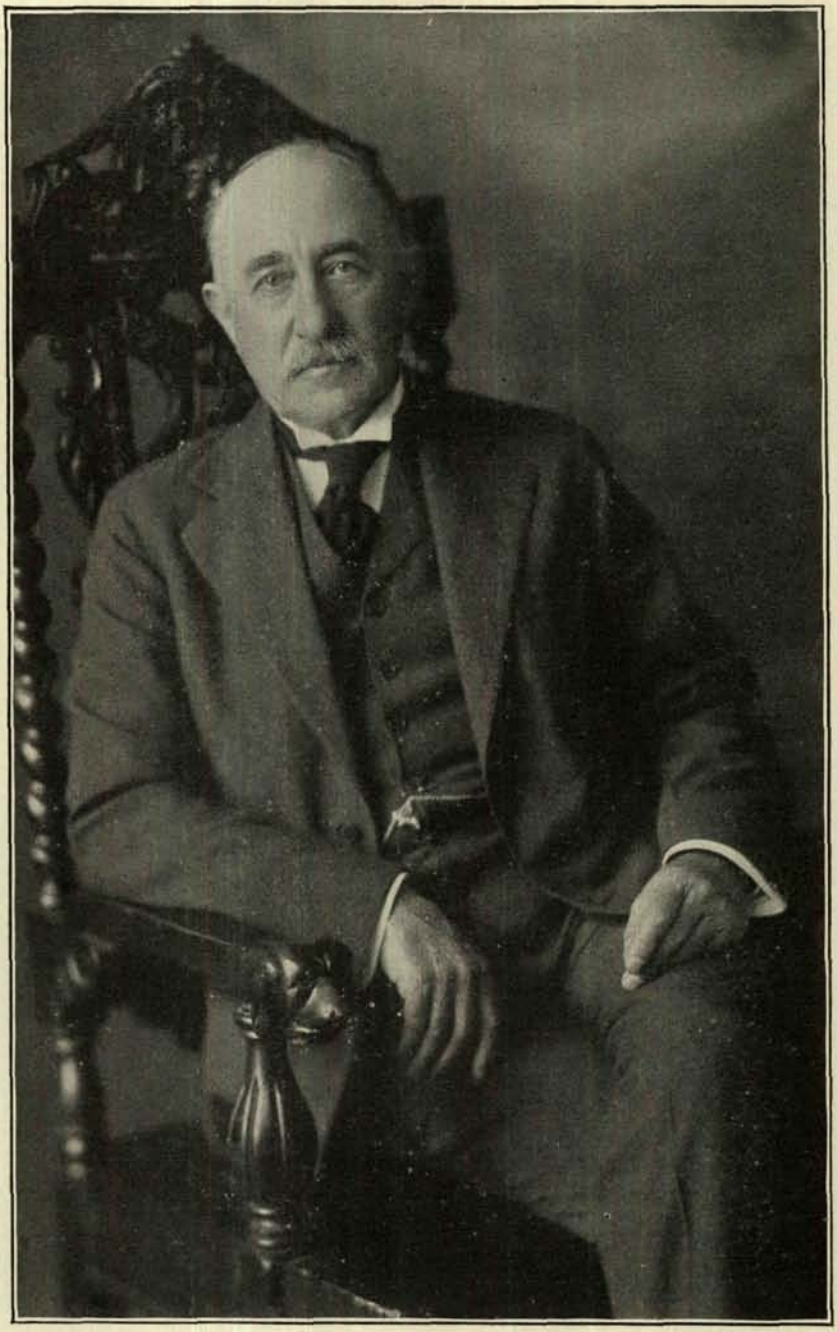

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

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